

EVERY MONDAY

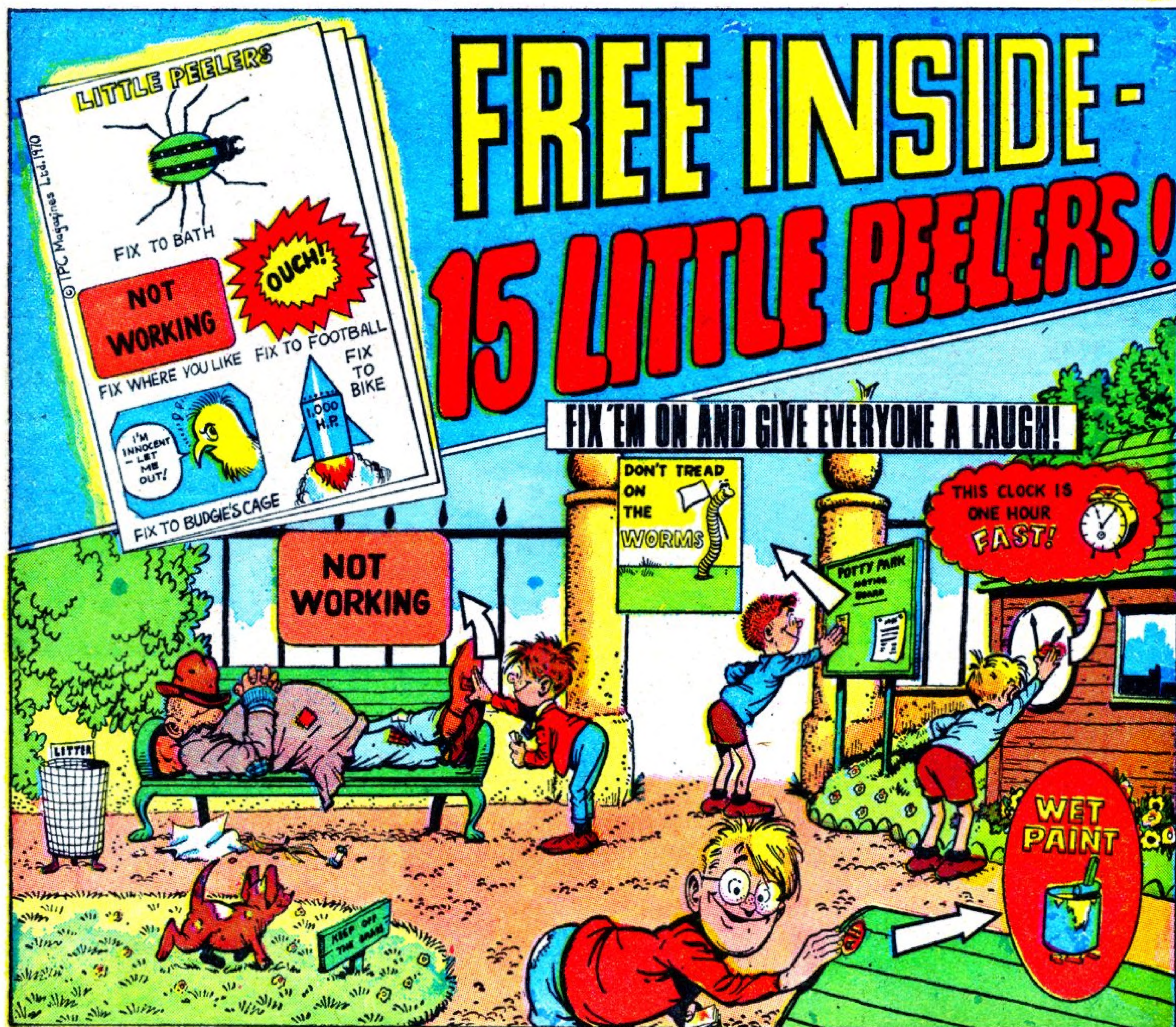
OCTOBER 31, 1970

TWELVE GREAT STORIES INSIDE !

THUNDER

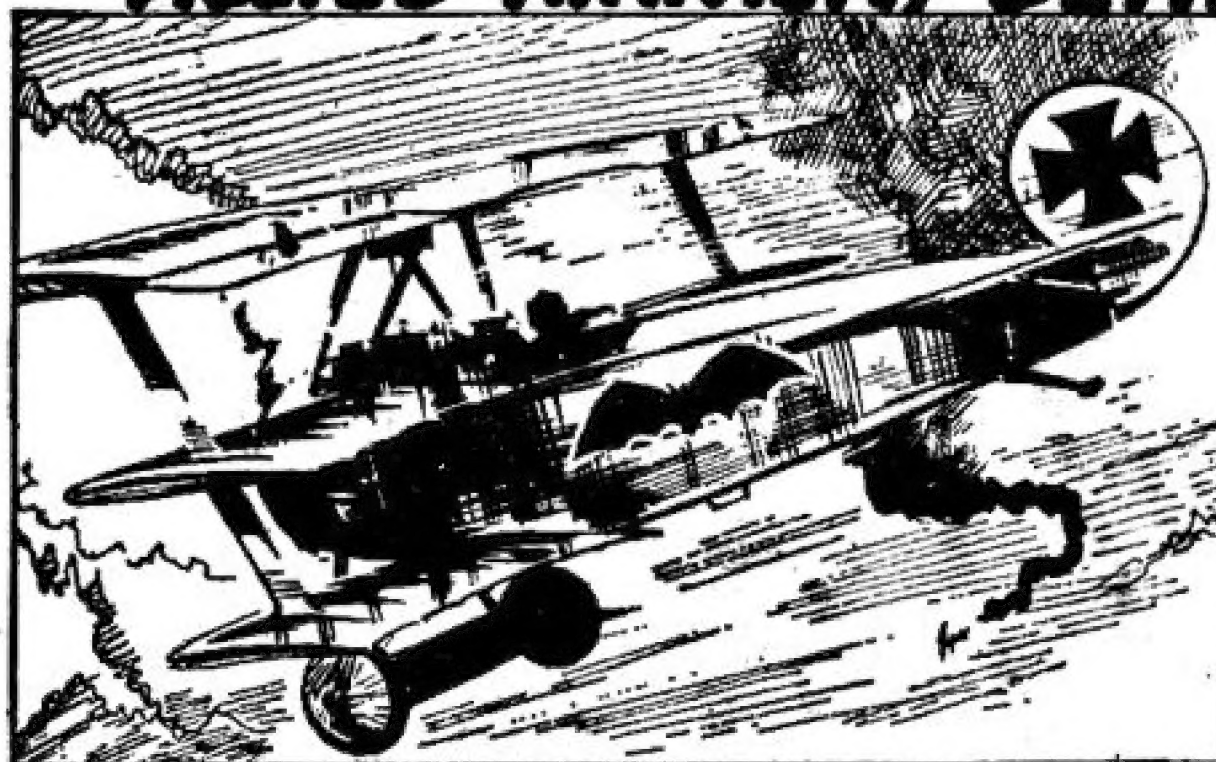
READ IT...and you'll be THUNDER-STRUCK!

8 3 1/2
NEW PENCE



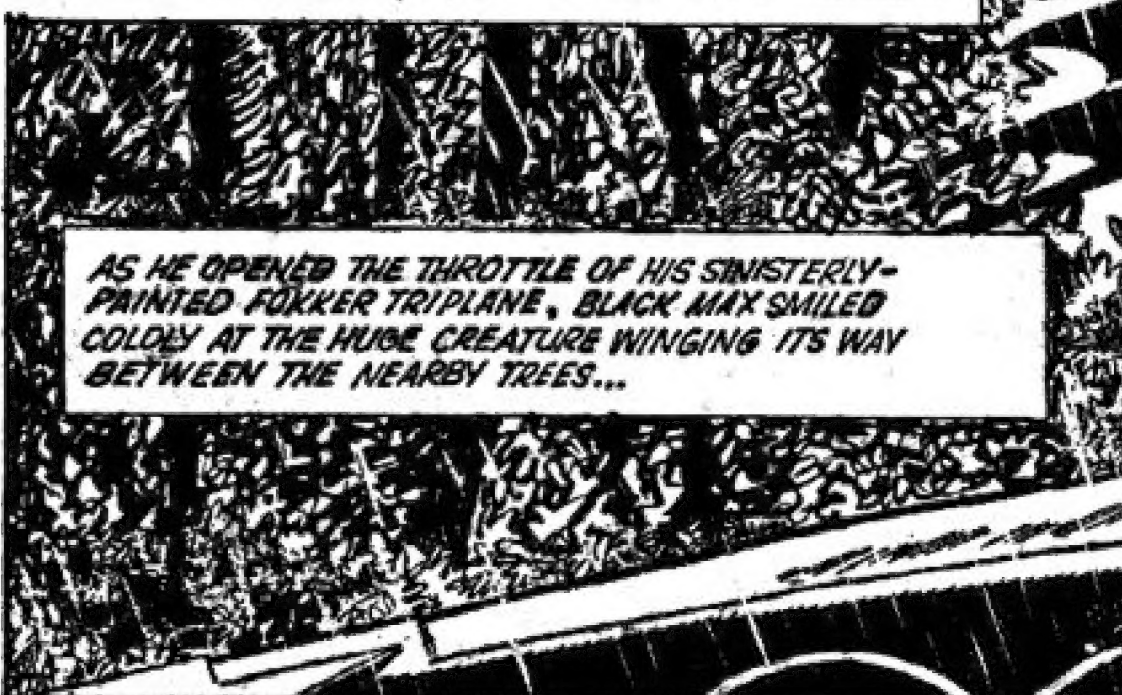
Australia 12 cents; New Zealand 12 cents; South Africa 12 cents; Rhodesia 15 cents; East Africa 1s.25; West Africa 1/-; Malaysia 50 cents; Malta 1/-; Eire 11d. (4½p.).

ALLIED AIRMEN, BEWARE! THE BAT IS OUT TO GET YOU!



BLACK MAX

WHEN THE GERMAN WORLD WAR ONE FLYING ACE, BARON MAXIMILIEN VON KLORR, KNOWN AS BLACK MAX, RETURNED TO THE WESTERN FRONT, HE BROUGHT WITH HIM A NIGHTMARISH GIANT BAT, TRAINED TO TEAR BRITISH PLANES FROM THE SKY. AFTER A COMBAT ENCOUNTER WITH BLACK MAX, TOM WILSON, A YOUNG LIEUTENANT OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS CRASH-LANDED BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES. EXHAUSTED, HE FOUND A CAVE IN WHICH TO SLEEP...



AS HE OPENED THE THROTTLE OF HIS SINISTERLY-PAINTED FOKKER TRIPLANE, BLACK MAX SMILED COLDLY AT THE HUGE CREATURE WINGING ITS WAY BETWEEN THE NEARBY TREES...



INSIDE THE CAVE, THE BEATING OF THE GIANT WINGS BOOMED LIKE A MONSTROUS DRUM... JERKING TIM WILSON FROM HIS SLEEP.

THE BAT! HAS IT - COULD IT... HAVE FOLLOWED ME HERE?



AS TIM MOVED...

SKREEE!

IT'S GOING TO ATTACK ME!



THIS GAP...IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!



FOR TEN TERRIBLE MINUTES, THE KILLER-BAT SCREECHED ITS FURY, GREAT CLAWS RENDING AND RIPPING AT THE ROCK AS IT SOUGHT TO REACH ITS HUMAN PREY...

THE ROCK - IT'S CRACKING! IF THE CREATURE SUCCEEDS IN WIDENING THIS GAP... I'M DONE FOR!

SKREEE!



THEN, SUDDENLY, WITH A LAST BLOOD-CHILLING SQUEAL OF FURY...

SKREEE!

HUH? IT'S GIVEN UP! BUT WHY?



THE ANSWER CAME AS THE BAT'S HUGE WINGS FOLDED AGAINST ITS POWERFUL BODY...

DAYLIGHT'S COME! THAT'S IT! LIKE ALL BATS... HE HATES THE LIGHT!

The shortest name in the world belongs to a Belgian named Mr. O.



IF ONLY I HADN'T LOST MY PISTOL WHEN I CRASHED... I COULD DESTROY THE ANIMAL— AND THEN IT WOULD NEVER AGAIN ATTACK A BRITISH PLANE!



HIMMEL! LOOK... AN ENGLANDER!

I SAW THE BAT! I SAW IT FLY FROM A BLACK TRIPLANE, RIP A BRITISH AIRCRAFT TO SHREDS... THEN RETURN TO THE TRIPLANE!



SHOOT HIM DOWN!

THERE'S NO COVER! I HAVEN'T A GUN, THIS IS IT! I CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS!

BUT AS THE ENEMY SOLDIERS CLOSED IN...

LOOK AT HIM ROLLING TO TRY AND DODGE OUR BULLETS! HAW, HAW! SUCH A WASTE OF ENERGY... FOR WE ARE CERTAIN TO GET HIM IN THE END!



LOOK UPWARDS, IT'S AN...

THE WARNING CRY DIED IN THE HAMMER OF TWIN VICKERS GUNS...



ENEMY AIRCR... ARGH!



A SOPWITH CAMEL!



THEN...

COME ON — HURRY! THERE ARE OTHER GERMANS ALL OVER THE PLACE!

HE'S GOING TO PICK ME UP! BY GLORY, THAT PILOT'S MY PAL FOR LIFE!



BUT TIM'S RESCUER WAS ANYTHING BUT FRIENDLY...

LIEUTENANT WILSON! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT!

OH, MY GOSH! IT'S THE C.O. — GROUCHER GROMETT!



MAJOR GROMETT SNARLED, HIS GLOVED FIST ANGRILY THUMPING THE FUSELAGE BEHIND HIM...

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! CLIMB ON, YOU FOOL — CAN'T YOU SEE THOSE HUNS COMING?

Y-YES, SIR! R-RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



THE DOUBLY-LADEN CAMEL CLIMBED INTO THE AIR JUST IN TIME...

I MAYBE OUT OF ONE SPOT OF BOTHER, BUT I BET THAT WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE SQUADRON BASE, I'M GOING TO FIND MYSELF NECK-DEEP IN MORE TROUBLE!



LATER, AT 14TH SQUADRON AIRFIELD...

IT MUST BE THE NEW C.O. AND HE'S BRINGING IN A PASSENGER WITH HIM. BY GEORGE, HE MAY BE A BIT OF A MARTINET, BUT HE'S A SUPERB FLIER!

BUT WHAT AM I WORRYING ABOUT? WHY SHOULD I BE IN HOT WATER WITH GROMETT? A COMBAT PILOT DOESN'T GET INTO TROUBLE FOR BEING BROUGHT DOWN!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

A Mr. Tommy Stamper was elected as president of a postman's union in the U.S.



JOURNEY INTO THE LIFE-STORY OF THE MAN WHO COULDN'T DIE!

ADAM ETERNO



DOOMED BY AN ALCHEMIST'S CURSE TO LIVE FOREVER, ADAM ETERNO HAD BEEN WANDERING THE WORLD SINCE 1580, SEARCHING FOR THE ONLY THING WHICH WOULD RELEASE HIM—A FATAL BLOW FROM A WEAPON MADE OF SOLID GOLD! A DISHEVELLED FIGURE, CLAD IN RAGS-AND-TATTERS, ADAM TRUDGED WEARILY ALONG THE PAVEMENT OF A BUSY LONDON STREET...



HOW MUCH LONGER AM I DOOMED TO WANDER THE EARTH? WHEN WILL I FIND THE WEAPON OF GOLD THAT WILL GIVE ME PEACE?



UNTHINKINGLY, ADAM STUMBLED INTO THE ROAD—AND THE GOLD-PLATED LIMOUSINE OF GREEK MILLIONAIRE HYMIS METATAXIS SLAMMED INTO HIM!

THORG! YOU'VE RUN HIM DOWN!

HE STEPPED RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF THE CAR, SIR!



BUT, TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE CHAUFFEUR... AND THE WATCHING CROWD... NO TRACE REMAINED OF ADAM ETERNO—EXCEPT A RAGGED PIECE OF CLOTH!

IT'S FANTASTIC, MR. METATAXIS! HE'S GONE... VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

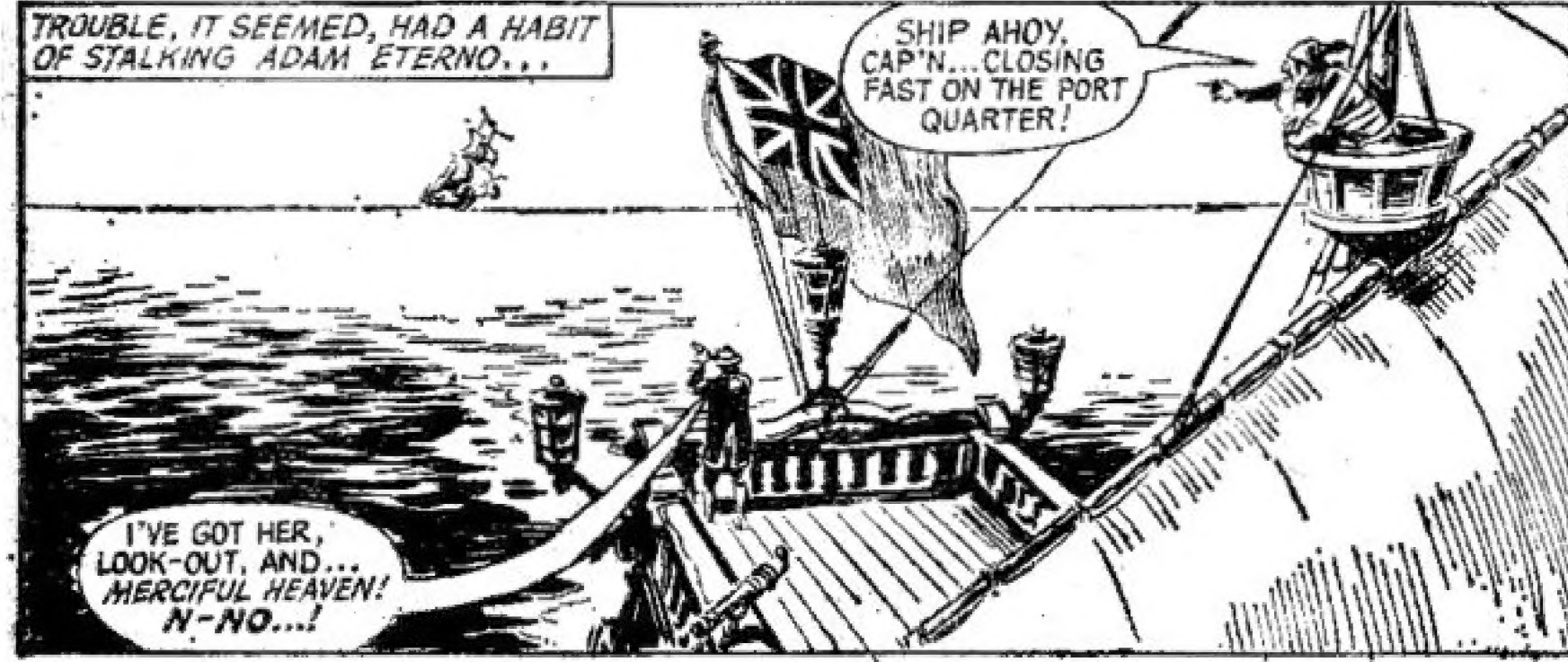


ONLY A WEAPON OF SOLID GOLD COULD DESTROY ADAM ETERNO, SAID THE CURSE. THE CAR WHICH HAD STRUCK HIM A VIOLENT BLOW HAD BEEN ONLY GOLD-PLATED... IT HAD NOT KILLED THE MAN WITH ETERNAL LIFE—BUT HAD SENT HIM DRIFTING INTO A WEIRD LIMBO OF TIME AND SPACE!



ADAM ETERNO AWOKES AS IF FROM A DREAM... TO FIND HIMSELF STANDING ON THE DECK OF A SMALL SAILING VESSEL... THE YEAR WAS 1770!

WHERE AM I...? WHAT HAPPENED? THIS SHIP... IT IS OLD... ALMOST AS OLD AS I! SOMEHOW I HAVE DRIFTED BACK IN TIME! DOES THIS MEAN I HAVE TO LIVE MY LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN?



TROUBLE, IT SEEMED, HAD A HABIT OF STALKING ADAM ETERNO...

SHIP AHoy, CAP'N... CLOSING FAST ON THE PORT QUARTER!

I'VE GOT HER, LOOK-OUT, AND... MERCIFUL HEAVEN! N-NO...!



THE FLAG THAT FLUTTERED FROM THE ONCOMING SHIP'S MASTHEAD, BORE THE EMBLEM OF A BLACK SHARK'S FIN...

BREAK OUT THE GUNS... TO ARMS! 'TIS THE FLAG OF BARNABY SHARK!

CONTINUED OVER PAGE...

Three guests arriving at a fishing lodge were called Mr. Hook, Mr. Fly and Mr. Fish.



'Sphairistike', invented in 1874, was later called 'lawn tennis'.



The weight of the earth is 6,487,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

WITH A SUDDEN CRY OF RAGE, ONE OF THE PASSENGERS DASHED FORWARD...



COWARD... TRAITOR! YOU HAVE SURRENDERED US TO THESE RUFFIANS TO SAVE YOUR OWN WORTHLESS LIFE!

UNNH!

NO, MADAM... YOU ARE WRONG! I... SEEK ONLY DEATH! IF ONLY I HAD TIME TO EXPLAIN—

HA-HAWWWW! DID YE EVER HEAR SUCH A THING? IT SEEMS YOU HAVE A WRY SENSE OF HUMOUR, TOO, MY FRIEND...!



LEAVING SOME OF THEIR MEN ABOARD THE MERCHANT-VESSEL AS GUARDS, THE PIRATES SWARMED BACK ON TO THEIR SHIP...

WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS, ADAM ETERNO, BUT IT WILL WAIT 'TIL THE MORROW! MEANTIME, MY MATE WILL ATTEND TO YOUR WANTS, AND EXPLAIN THE RULES OF OUR MERRY BROTHERHOOD...

THE SKIPPER'S TAKEN A LIKING TO YOU, MATEY... AND I KNOW WHY! HE'S CURIOUS ABOUT 'OW YOU MANAGED TO COME THROUGH THE BATTLE WITHOUT EVEN A SCRATCH!



LATER, BELOW DECKS, ADAM FOUND HIMSELF THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION...



SO BE I! WHAT'S THE SECRET, ETERNO? 'OW DID YER MANAGE IT?

PERHAPS I WILL TELL THEE LATER, IN RETURN FOR SOME INFORMATION! CAPTAIN SHARK MENTIONED THAT THERE WAS... GOLD, ABOARD?



AYE! THERE IS...!

... A DAGGER, COMPLETELY MADE OF PURE GOLD! TOOK IT FROM THE CAPTAIN OF A SPANISH CARGO SHIP. WE DID! BUT YOU CAN FORGET ALL ABOUT IT, ME HEARTY... 'COS CAP'N SHARK 'AS DECIDED TO KEEP IT FOR HIMSELF!



BUT AS DARKNESS FELL, AND ADAM ETERNO'S VILLAINOUS COMPANIONS SETTLED DOWN TO REST...



A DAGGER MADE OF SOLID GOLD! ONE BLOW FROM SUCH A WEAPON, AND I WILL BE NO MORE! I MUST HAVE IT...!

THROUGH THE SHADOWED COMPANIONWAYS HE CREPT... CLOSER, AND CLOSER TO BARNABY SHARK'S CABIN...



FIRST, THE DAGGER... THEN I MUST FIND SOME WAY OF SAVING THOSE POOR WRETCHES ABOARD THE MERCHANT-MAN! I CANNOT GO TO MY REST, KNOWING THAT THEY THINK OF ME AS A TRAITOR!

BUT BEYOND THE CABIN DOOR, A SLENDER, DEATH-DEALING OBJECT GLEAMED FAINTLY IN THE DARKNESS...



HE IS COMING... I CAN SENSE IT! SOON, I SHALL INHERIT HIS POWER AND IT WILL MAKE ME KING OF THE BARBARY COAST!

... MORE SUSPENSE NEXT WEEK!

NEXT WEEK IN "THUNDER"—

ON THE TERRIBLE TRAIL
TO TOLMEG, TOM TAYLOR
& CO. MEET
THE SLEEPING TERROR



CLIFF HANGER AND
KUKRI GET THEMSELVES
INTO ANOTHER HAIR-
RAISING FIX!



AND THERE ARE
10 MORE SUPER PICTURE-STORIES
PLUS SAM'S LETTERS AND JOKES!

DON'T MISS **THUNDER**—EVERY WEEK!

KUKRI RACES TOWARDS DOOM... CAN THE CAPTAIN SAVE HIM?

CLIFF HANGER



HIT THE ADVENTURE TRAIL WITH GLOBE-ROAMING CAPTAIN CLIFF HANGER AND HIS BLADE-THROWING GURKHA PAL, KUKRI! SHARE WITH THEM THEIR MOMENTS OF BREATHLESS PERIL! SEE IF YOU, TOO, CAN FIND A WAY OUT... WHEN ESCAPE SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE HAD ALWAYS BEEN SMUGGLERS WORKING OUT OF THIS WILD STRIP OF CORNISH COASTLINE... BUT NEVER ONE WHO MATCHED THE VILLAINY OF BIG JEM PATCH.

Y'HEAR THAT, WEEVIL? WE'LL ALL BE SO RICH SOON, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE UP THIEVERY... AND BECOME HONEST MEN!

HONEST? HEE, HEE! THAT'LL BE THE DAY!

AN' I BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING ELSE, JEM! A BONUS, LIKE, TWO OF 'EM!

WAITING IN AMBUSH FOR US, THEY WERE! MIGHT HAVE SCUPPERED US... IF WE HADN'T DEFEATED 'EM! YOU'LL FIND THE BOTH OF THEM... DOWN THERE IN THE SHIP!

TWO OF 'EM, YE SAY? NEARLY DID FOR YOU ALL? I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE PAIR OF SWABS WHO MIGHT DO THAT!

THE TWO PRISONERS WERE THOSE INTREPID ADVENTURERS, CAPTAIN CLIFF HANGER, AND HIS GURKHA PAL, KUKRI...

I KNEW IT WAS YOU TWO! SWORE TO GET ME, DIDN'T YOU? BUT NOW 'TIS ME WHO'VE GOT YE!

THANKS TO OUR BAD LUCK, JEM PATCH!

AS A SMUGGLER ALMOST SLIPPED ON A SEA-WET ROCK, BIG JEM ROARED WITH MIRTH...

UHH!

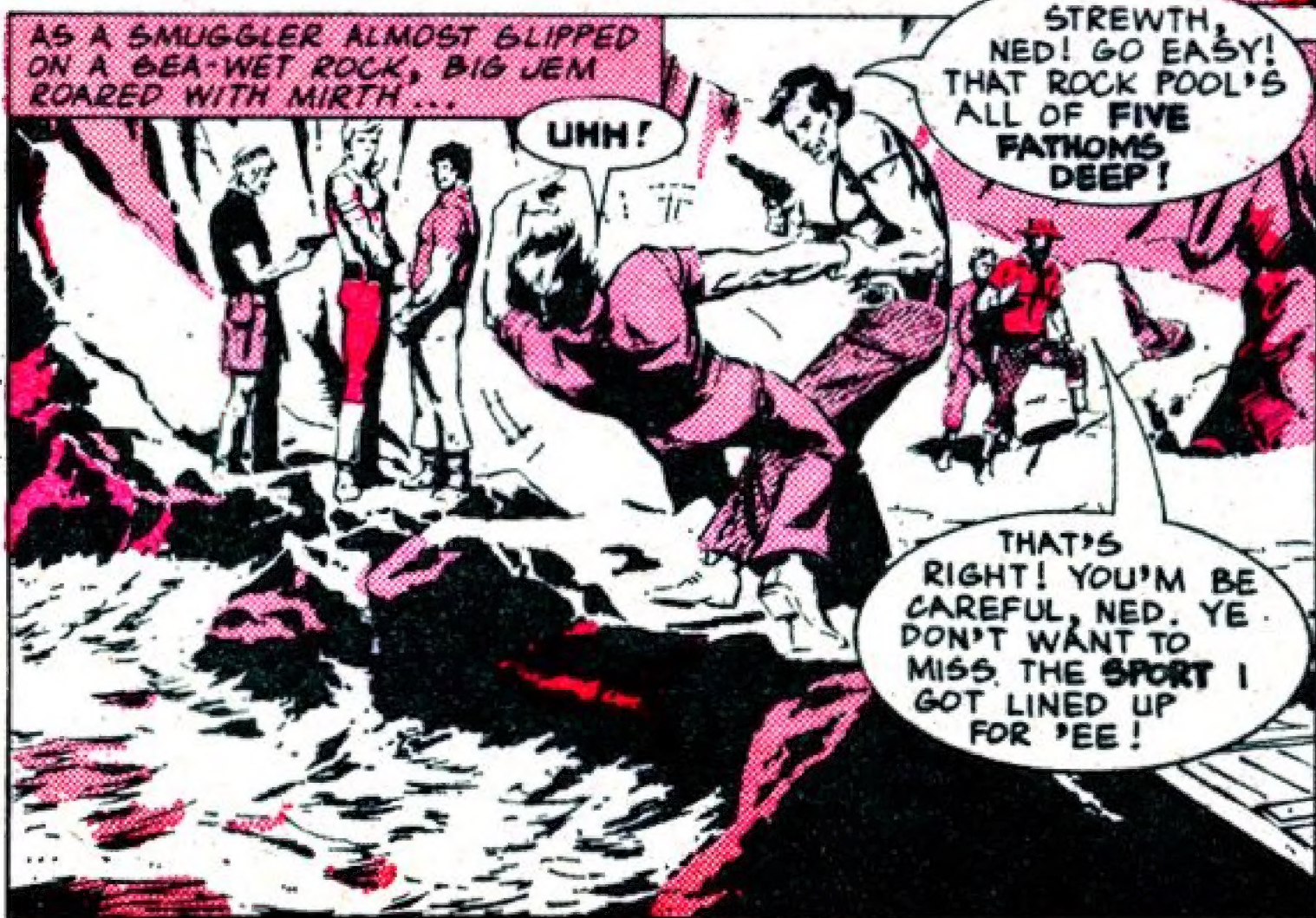
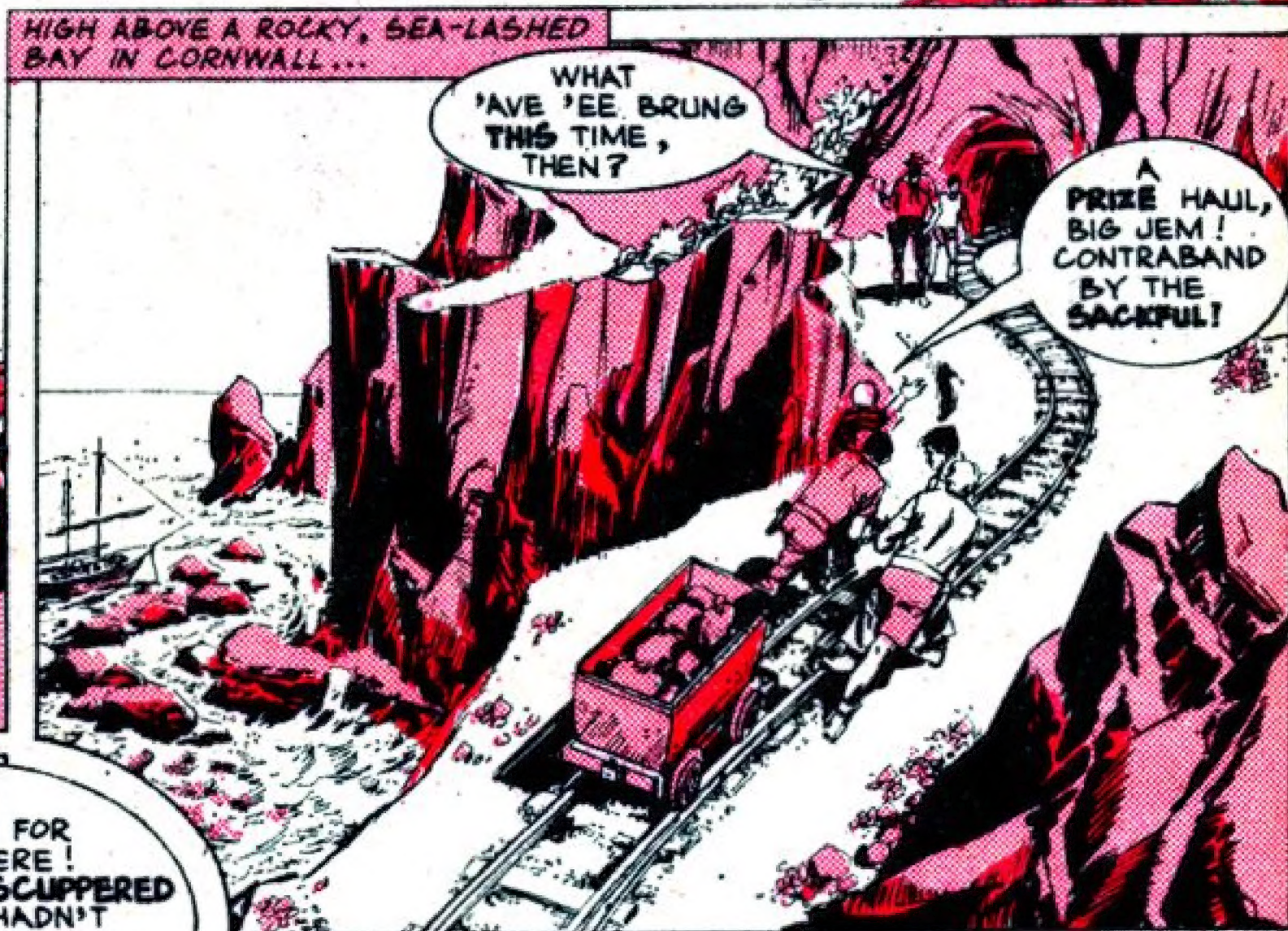
STREWTH, NED! GO EASY! THAT ROCK POOL'S ALL OF FIVE FATHOMS DEEP!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'M BE CAREFUL, NED. YE DON'T WANT TO MISS THE SPORT I GOT LINED UP FOR 'EE!

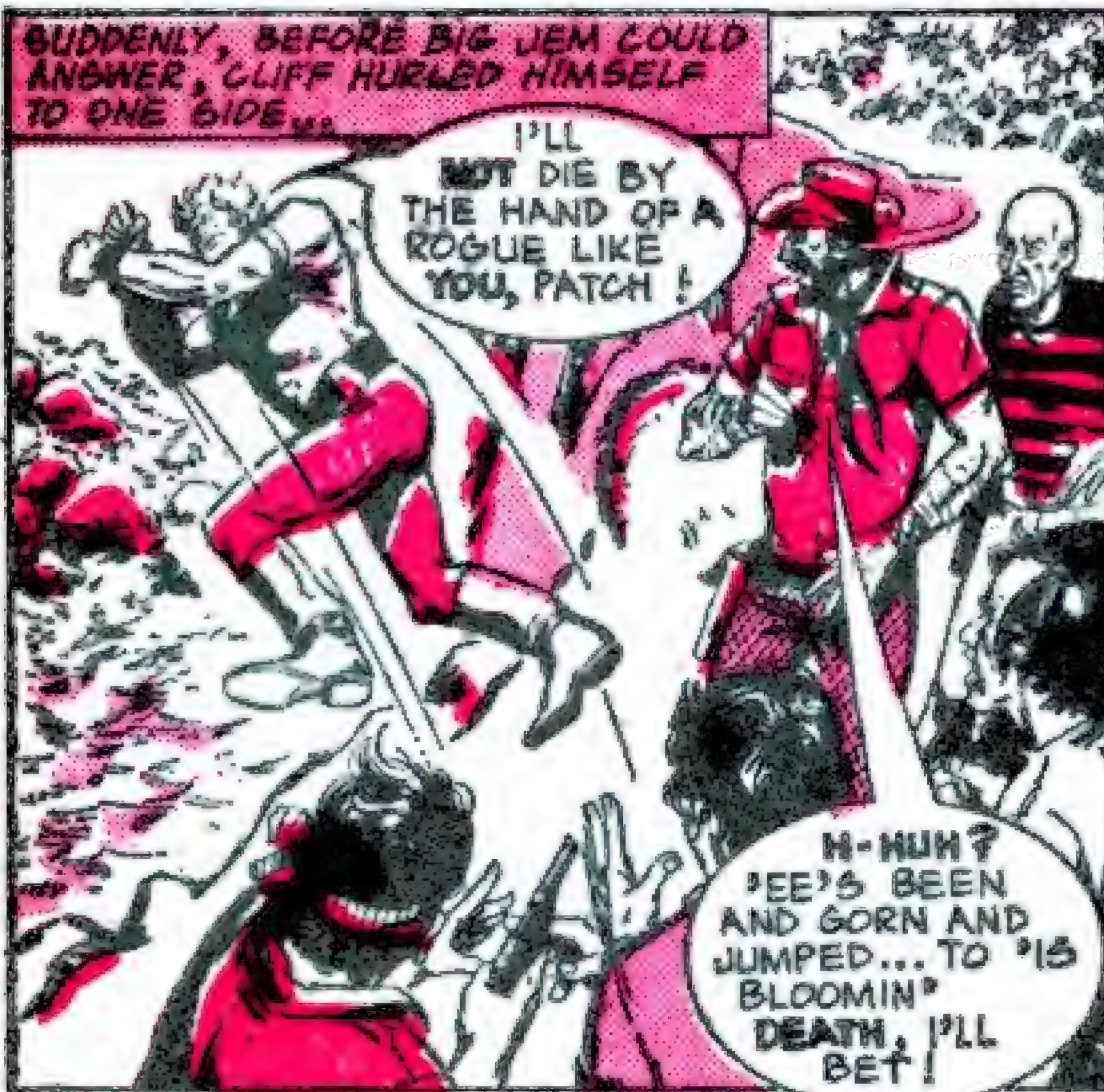
WHEN THEY REACHED THE ENTRANCE TO THE OLD DISUSED TIN MINE WHICH BIG JEM NOW USED AS A STOREHOUSE FOR HIS SMUGGLED GOODS...

AARR! RECKON WE CAN KILL THREE BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, AS THEY SAY! THESE TWO... AND THAT NEW RAILWAY LINE THEY JUST OPENED UP!

IT'S TRUE THAT NEW LINE BE TOO CLOSE TO US FOR COMFORT, LIKE, SKIPPER! BUT HOW D'YOU GO ABOUT KILLING A RAILWAY?



The world record medal-holder is King Haile Selassie, who has 50.



SUDDENLY, BEFORE BIG JEM COULD ANSWER, CLIFF HURLED HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE...

I'LL NOT DIE BY THE HAND OF A ROGUE LIKE YOU, PATCH!

H-HUH? 'EE'S BEEN AND GORN AND JUMPED... TO 'IS BLOOMIN' DEATH, I'LL BET!



THEY WATCHED HANGER PLUMMET DOWN NEARER AND NEARER TO THE POOL...

CAPTAIN CLIFF!

WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT 'EE'D DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT!



YOUR CAP'N HAS CHOSEN THE NICE, QUICK WAY TO GO. BUT YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO BE SO LUCKY, MATE!

...OI'LL LOOK AFTER THIS 'UN! THE REST OF YE, GO FETCH ONE O' THEM PULLIN' TROLLEYS...



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

STRIKE ME, SKIPPER! THIS WEIGHS A PERISHIN' TON! HOW FAR... PHEW... 'AVE WE GOT TO CARRY IT?

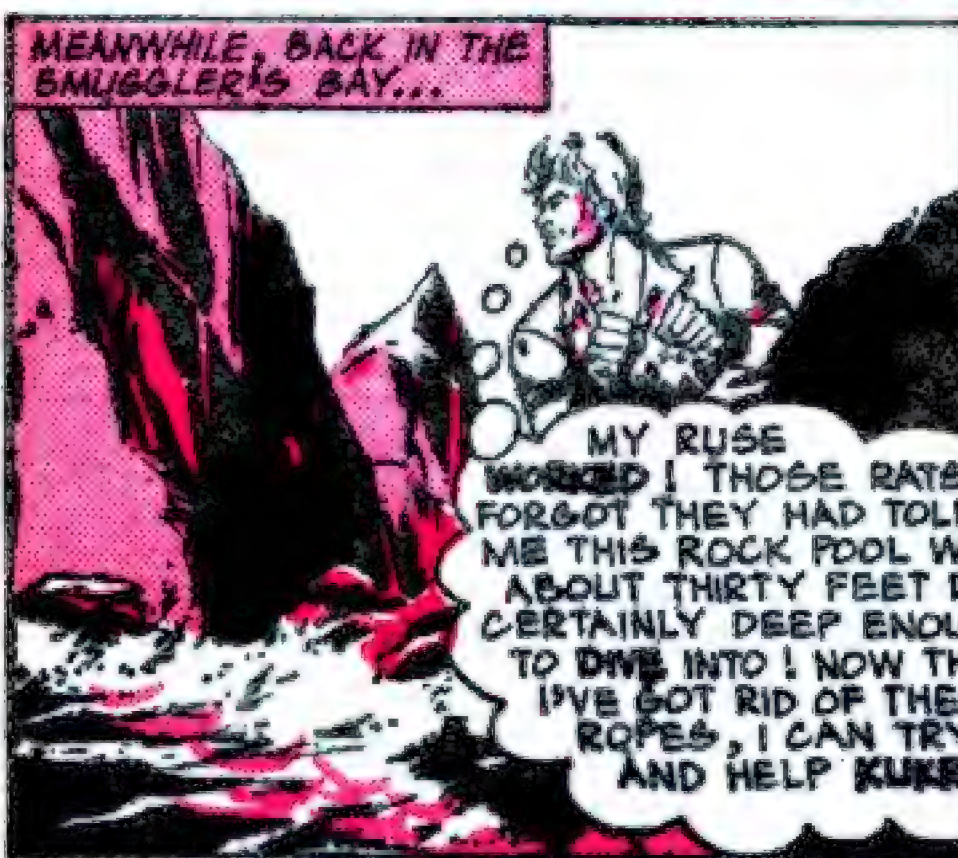
ONLY TO THE RAILWAY LINE, WEEVIL, OL' SHIPMATE! THEN WE'LL ALL ENJOY THAT LARK I PROMISED 'EE!

THE HEAVY TROLLEY WAS PLACED ON TO THE GLEAMING RAILS OF THE RECENTLY-COMPLETED PUBLIC RAILWAY LINE...

THAT'S THE TICKET, MATES! PLENTY OF CHAINS AND PADLOCKS TO MAKE SURE 'EE DON'T ESCAPE, LIKE!



OI GET IT, JEM! THERE'LL BE A TRAIN COMIN' UP HERE IN JUST A FEW MINUTES! NOW I SEE WHAT YER GAME IS, SKIPPER!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE SMUGGLER'S BAY...

MY RUSE WORKED! THOSE RATS FORGOT THEY HAD TOLD ME THIS ROCK POOL WAS ABOUT THIRTY FEET DEEP... CERTAINLY DEEP ENOUGH TO DIVE INTO! NOW THAT I'VE GOT RID OF THESE ROPES, I CAN TRY AND HELP KUKRI!



A DISTANT ROAR OF DELIGHT FROM BIG JEM PATCH GUIDED CLIFF...

HERE COMES THE TRAIN! RIGHT, SHIPMATES! HAW, HAW, HAWWW! LET 'IM GO!



REACHING THE TOP OF A HIGH ROCK, CLIFF HANGER GAVE A HORRIFIED GASP...

KUKRI! OH... NO!



SWIFTLY GATHERING SPEED, THE HEAVY TROLLEY HURLED TOWARDS THE ONCOMING TRAIN... WITH KUKRI CHAINED TO ITS FRONT!

KUKRI HASN'T A HOPE OF GETTING FREE! AND THERE'S NO BRAKE ON THAT TROLLEY. HE'S DOOMED! AND SO ARE THE PASSENGERS IN THAT TRAIN! UNLESS... UNLESS...

ESCAPE FOR KUKRI SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE! BUT THERE IS A WAY OUT! JUST ONE! AND CAPTAIN CLIFF HANGER HAS SEEN IT! HAVE YOU?

FIND OUT THE ANSWER ON THE NEXT PAGE...

Sir Jack Hobbs, the cricketer, scored 197 centuries, a world record.

AS THE TROLLEY THUNDERED CLOSER TO THE PASSENGER TRAIN...

IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH...

NO, CAPTAIN! YOU BE KILLED, TOO!

THEN...

ALL I CAN DO... IS... JAM ON THE BRAKES! BUT THAT WON'T STOP A CRASH!

THIS CHAIN GIVES ME AN IDEA, KUKRI, OLD FRIEND...

SCREE

THE HEAVY PULLING-CHAIN WITH ITS BAR-HANDLE WHISTLED THROUGH THE AIR AS THE TROLLEY FLASHED PAST A HIGH CONICAL ROCK, AND...

GOOD! IT'S WRAPPING ITSELF AROUND THE ROCK!

FIRMLY FASTENED TO THE BOULDER, THE CHAIN SNAPPED TIGHT...

IT'S HOLDING! BUT HAS IT STOPPED THE TROLLEY IN TIME?

THEN HE GASPED WITH RELIEF AS THE TROLLEY WAS JERKED CLEAN OFF THE TRACK!

PHEW! KUKRI, THAT WAS CLOSE!

FROM HERE, CAPTAIN, TRAIN SEEM EVEN CLOSER!

IF WE HAD COLLIDED, THE TRAIN WOULD HAVE BEEN SWEEPED OFF THE TRACKS!

MY MEN AND I WERE ON OUR WAY TO OUR NEW BARRACKS! BUT BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS, IT SEEMS WE'RE NEEDED HERE!

SOLDIERS! THAT'S SOMETHING YOU DIDN'T RECKON ON, JEM PATCH!

BACK AT THE MINE, THE SMUGGLER CHIEF ROARED WITH HELPLESS FURY...

YOU COULD HAVE MADE YOUR GETAWAY ALREADY! YOU THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE TIME TO TAKE JUST SOME OF THE STOLEN LOOT WITH YOU. BUT YOU WERE WRONG! YOUR GREED HAS BEEN YOUR DOWNFALL, PATCH!

CURSE YE, HANGER! CURSE YE BOTH... AN' YOUR ACCURSED LUCK!

I'M SORRY IF I SEEMED TO BE DESERTING YOU UP THERE ON THE CLIFF, KUKRI! BUT OUR ONLY CHANCE WAS IN ONE OF US ESCAPING...

I NOT THINK YOU DESERT ME, CAPTAIN! I KNOW WE NEVER WILL DESERT EACH OTHER... NO MATTER WHAT DANGERS ARE BEFORE US!

ANOTHER ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK!

THE BOY WHO LIVED... AND TALKED... WITH ANIMALS!

Fury's Family



FURY AND HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS HAD RUN AWAY FROM THE CALLOUS CIRCUS OWNER, ARCHER SPANG, AND HAD FOUND AN IDEAL REFUGE, DEEP IN THE LONELY MOUNTAINS.



NO MAN SHALL THREATEN OUR SAFETY IN THIS HIDDEN PLACE! IT SHALL BE CALLED FURY'S VALLEY!

THERE WAS PLENTY OF WORK TO BE DONE...



THERE IS GOOD SHELTER HERE, BUT WE MUST BUILD PROTECTION AGAINST BAD WEATHER!

FURY SPOKE TO THE ANIMALS IN THEIR OWN STRANGE 'LANGUAGE'...



POOTY MOOKA! OOGUZ, CHANG! MOOTH, RAJAH!



KRAKK!

SNICK!



OZZIE, THE KANGAROO, ALSO HELPED WITH THE CHORES...

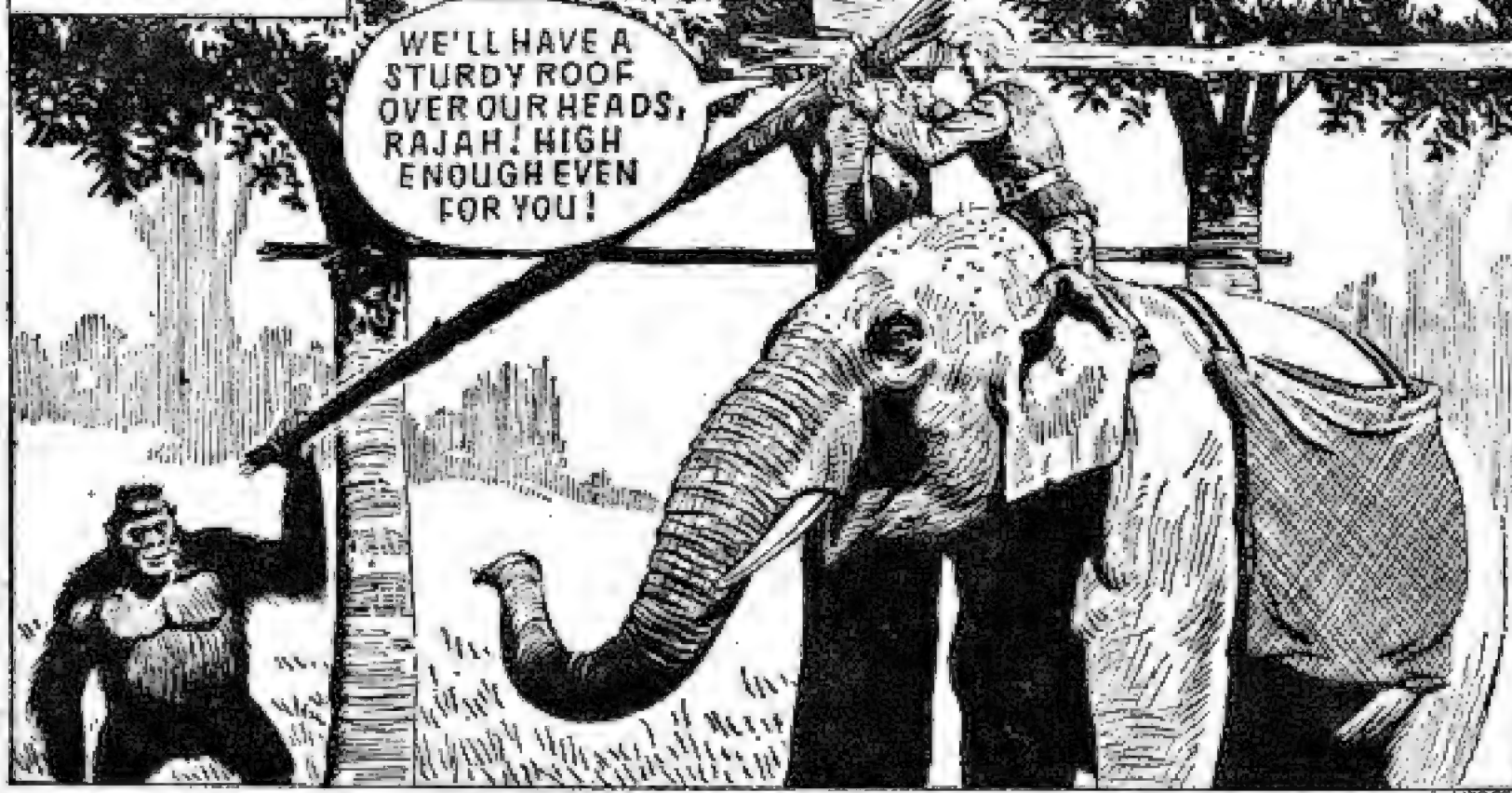


WITH A SKILL BORN OF THE WILDS, FURY WOVE GRASSES INTO ROPES...

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

The loudest noise in history was caused by a volcanic explosion in 1883.

SOON, A ROUGH FRAMEWORK FOR THE HUT BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE...



NOW BRANCHES WERE LAID OVER THE RECTANGLE OF POLES...



FINALLY, MORE GRASS WAS PACKED ON TOP, AND WEIGHTED WITH THE STONES THAT OZZIE HAD COLLECTED...



BUT EVEN AS THE KANGAROO REACHED THE OPEN SCREE...



OZZIE HAD SEEN IT, TOO. THERE WAS NO TIME FOR HIM TO DASH BACK INTO HIDING...



FURY KNEW INSTINCTIVELY THAT THE PLANE HAD BEEN SENT BY ARCHER SPRANG...



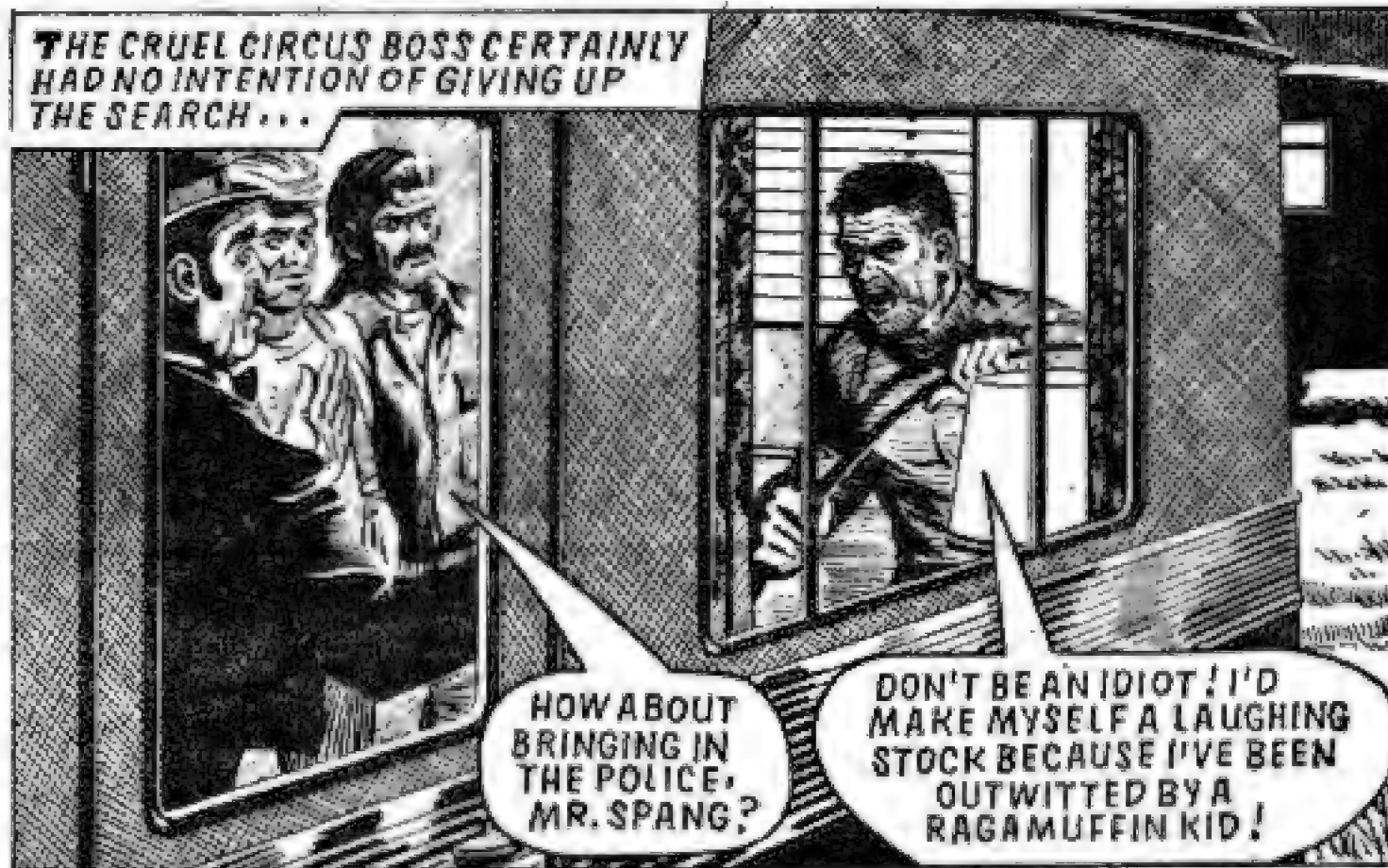
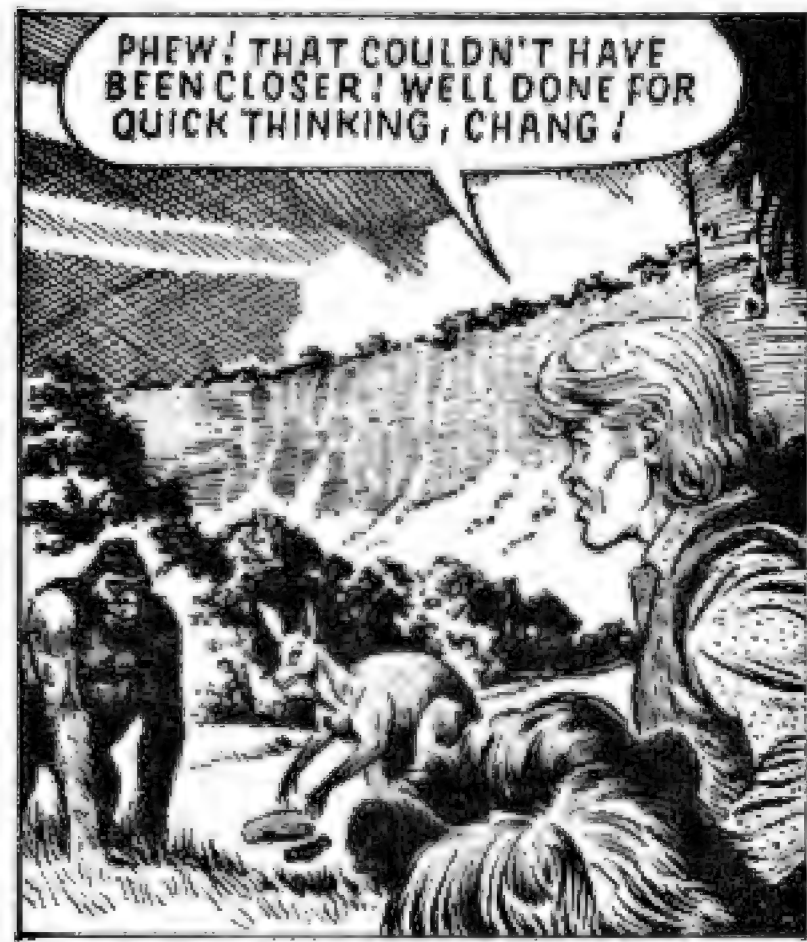
SUDDENLY, THE APE TURNED AND RACED BACK INTO THE WOODS, HIS FISTS BOOMING AGAINST HIS CHEST...



THEN FURY UNDERSTOOD THE BEAST'S INTENTIONS! DEEP IN THEIR COVERTS, WOODLAND ANIMALS HEARD THE FEARSOME ROARING AND FLED IN TERROR...



Birds can hear the rustle of worms one foot under the ground.



MORE FUN WITH THE JUNKYARD SOCCER LAD!

Dusty Binns



IT WAS PA BINNS' PROUD BOAST THAT FOR GENERATIONS THERE HAD ALWAYS BEEN A BINNS IN THE RAG-AND-BONE BUSINESS! BUT WHAT WORRIED HIM WAS THAT HIS SON AND HEIR, DUSTY, SEEMED TO CARE ONLY ABOUT FOOTBALL...

NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, PA BINNS WAS IN A RAGE...

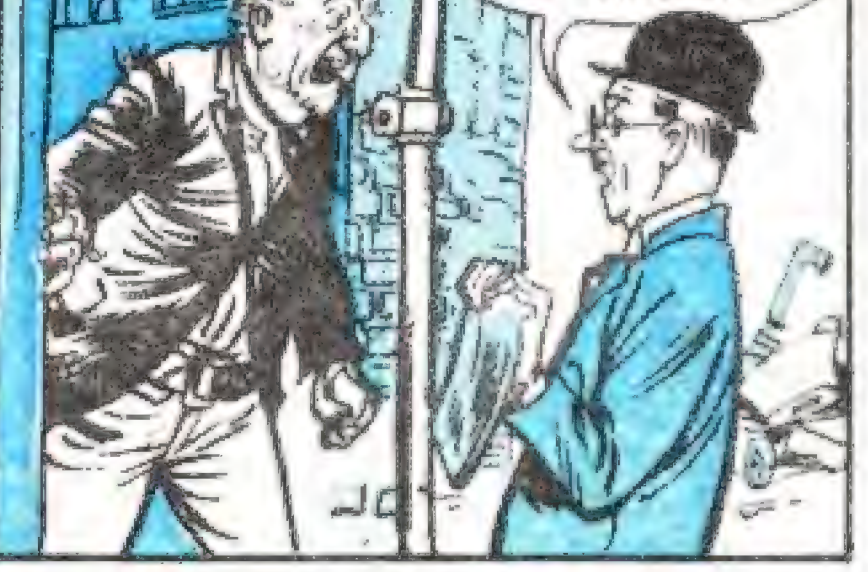
HOURS AGO DUSTY SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK 'ERE! SEND 'IM ON A SIMPLE JOB JUST TO PICK UP A ROCKIN' CHAIR BARGAIN, I DID... AND HE DON'T SHOW UP THERE! PERISHIN' FOOTBALL... THAT'S WHAT'S KEEPIN' 'IM!



PA DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR THE DOORBELL TO STOP RINGING...

ORL RIGHT THEN... WHERE YA BIN? DON'T GIVE ME THAT FLAMIN' EXCUSE... YOU'VE BEEN PLAYIN'... OH! I... I'M SORRY, MISTER! I WAS EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE...

DEAR ME!... ER... MISTER BINNS? CAN I COME IN?



I'M FROM THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT OF OLDTOWN WANDERERS FOOTBALL CLUB! AS YOU KNOW, YOUR SON CAME TO THE GROUND FOR A SOCCER TEST! VERY SATISFACTORY! BUT HE LEFT WITHOUT SIGNING THIS CONTRACT...

W-H-A-A-A-T? MISTER, YOU CAN FLIPPIN' TAKE THAT CONTRACT AND...



ONLY THE TELEPHONE BELL HAD SAVED PA FROM HITTING HIS DINGY CEILING...

IT WAS DUSTY... PA, I'M DOWN AT THE POLICE STATION! THEY THINK I'M A BURGLAR! I... I WENT INTO THE WRONG HOTEL, AND PICKED UP THE WRONG BLOOMING ROCKING CHAIR! YOU'VE GOT TO COME HERE AND EXPLAIN TO THEM!

OH MY GOODNESS! HOW TERRIBLE!



THE FLIPPIN' POLICE STATION? GOT YOU IN FOR... BURGLARY?

THE BLEAT OF ALARM FROM THE WANDERERS' MAN GAVE PA A BRILLIANT IDEA...



YERS, BURGLING AGAIN! POOR LAD! MUSTN'T BLAME HIM THOUGH! QUITE A BURDEN ON ME! BUT... WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT A CONTRACT?

BURGLARY? OH MY GRACIOUS! PERHAPS... ER... PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME...

THE LITTLE MAN WAS GONE LIKE THE WIND...



WHAT A STROKE OF FLIPPIN' GENIUS! AFTER THAT, THE PERISHIN' WANDERERS WON'T TOUCH 'IM WITH A BLOOMIN' BARGEPOLE, THEY WON'T! I'VE NIPPED 'IS FOOTBALL LARK IN THE FLAMIN' BUD, I HAVE!

The heaviest heavyweight wrestler in Britain was A. Dudgeon, who weighed 22 stone.

TWO DAYS LATER, DUSTY'S RUN-IN WITH THE POLICE HAD BEEN STRAIGHTENED OUT, AND, AT THE LOCAL WASTE-GROUND PITCH...



BUT FOR ONCE, DUSTY'S MIND WASN'T ON THE GAME...



NEXT SECOND...

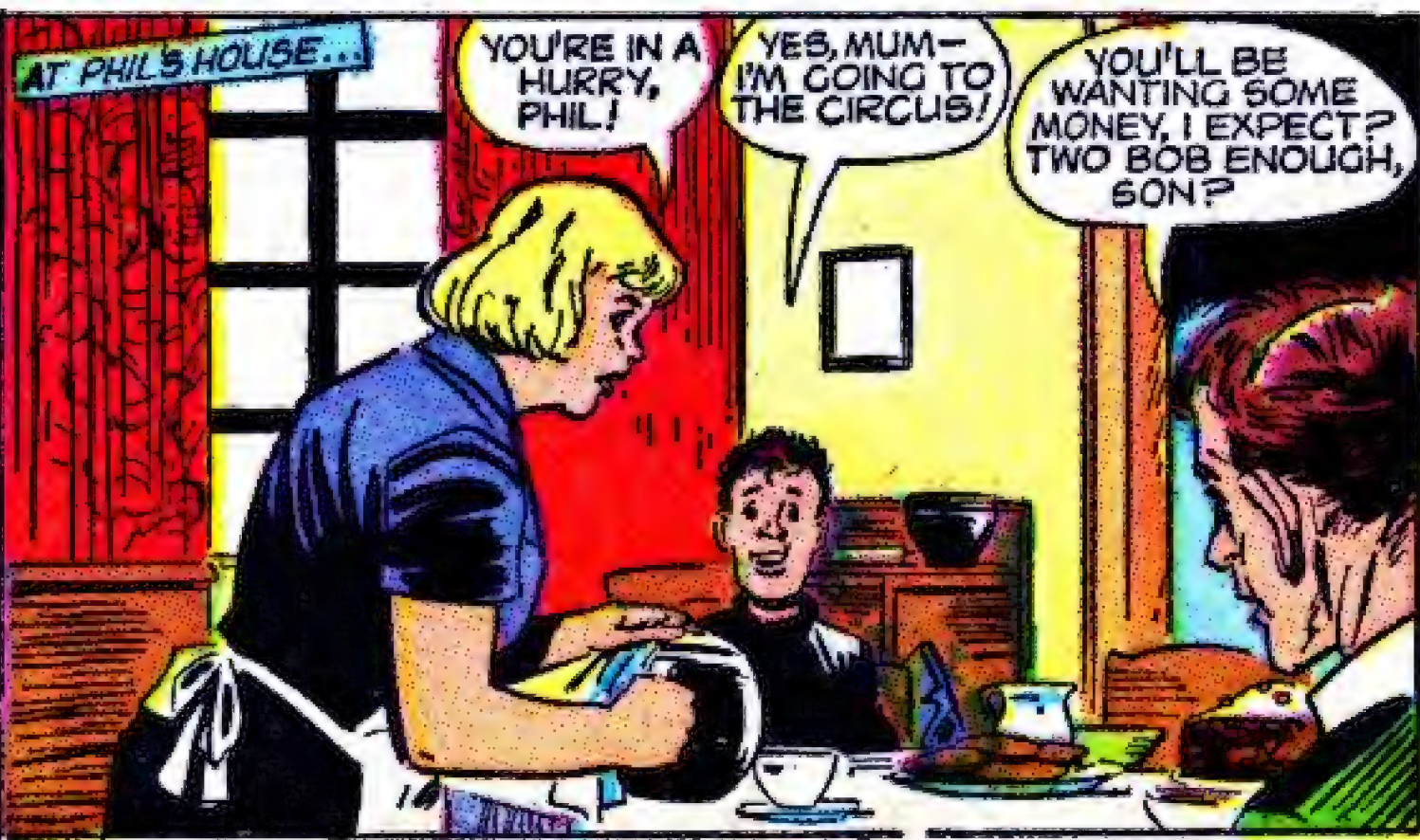
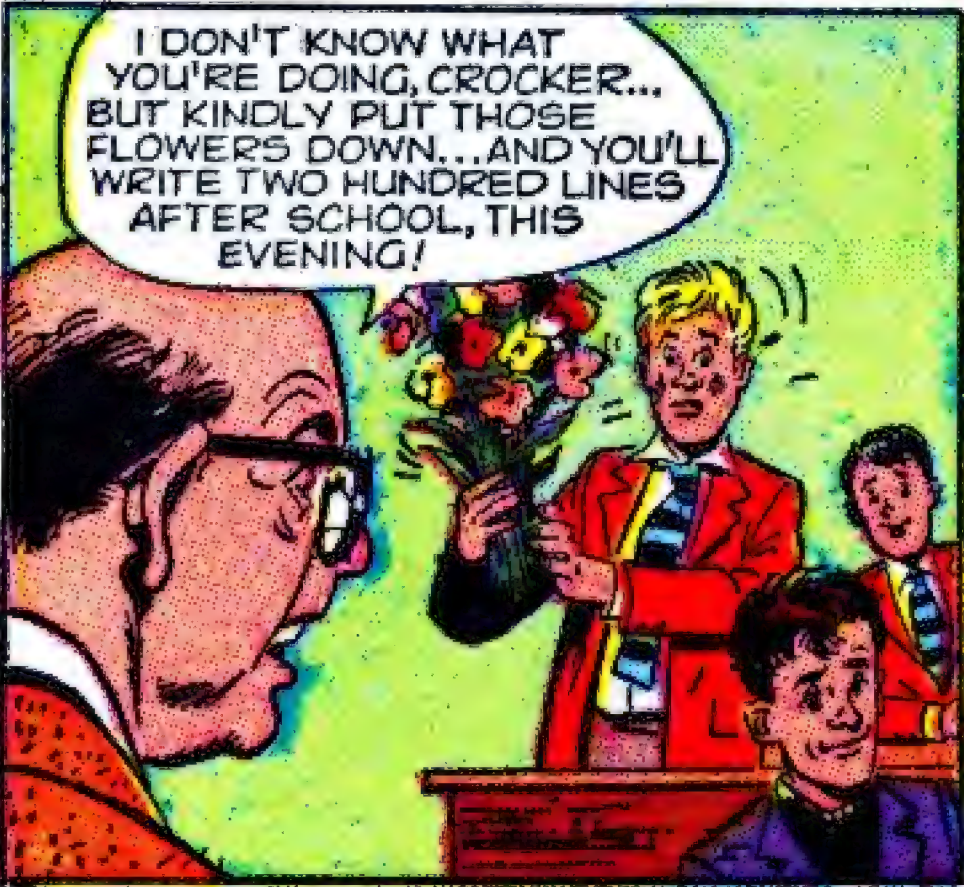
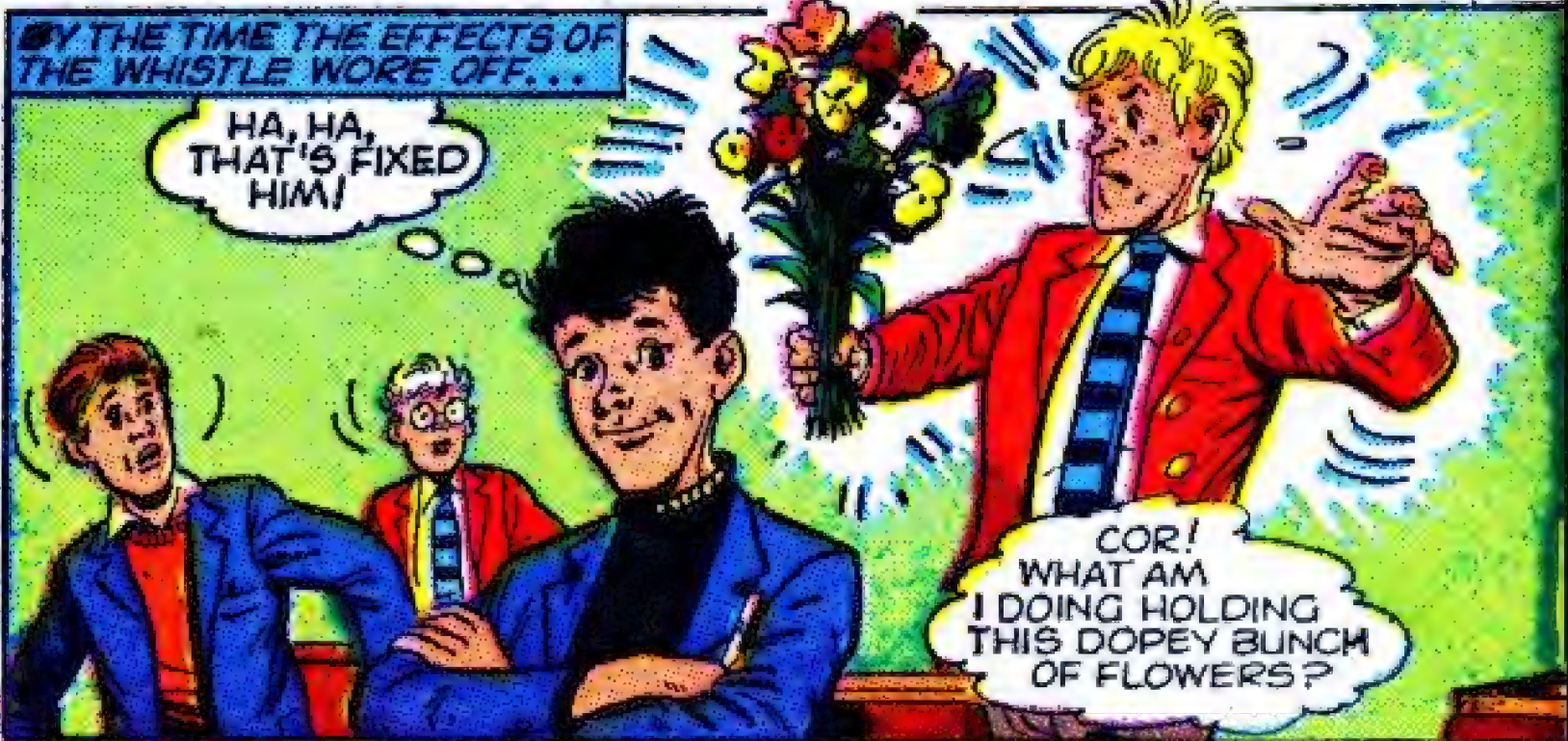
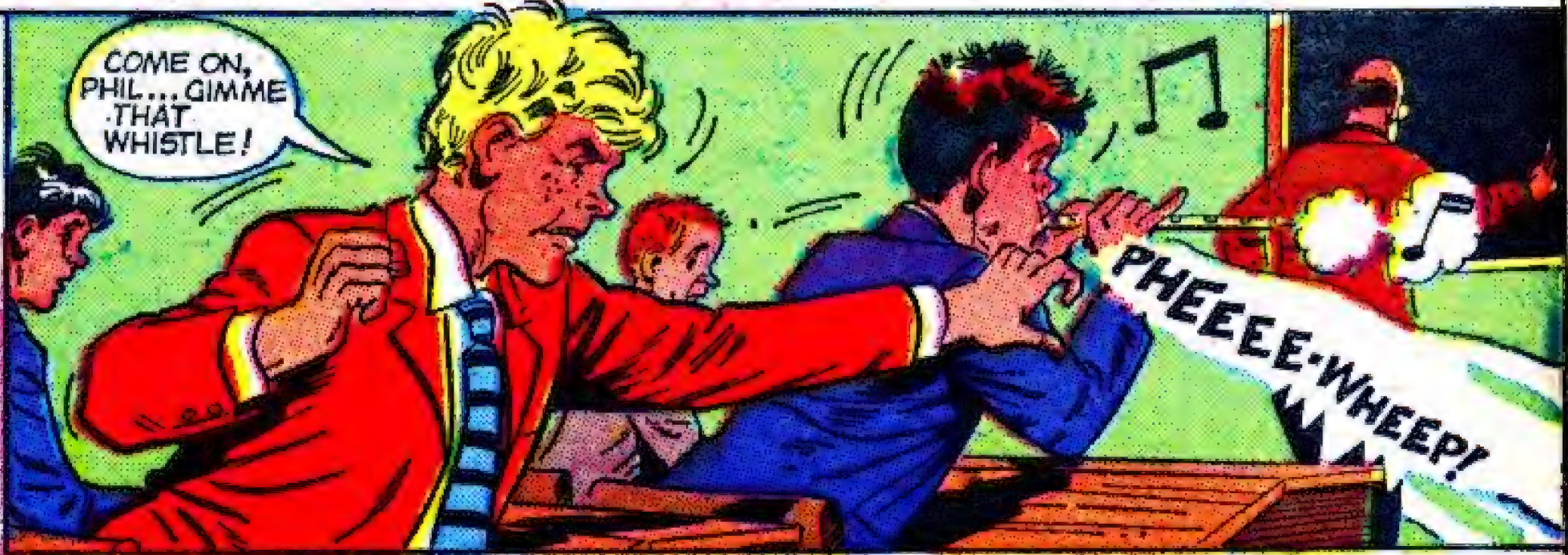
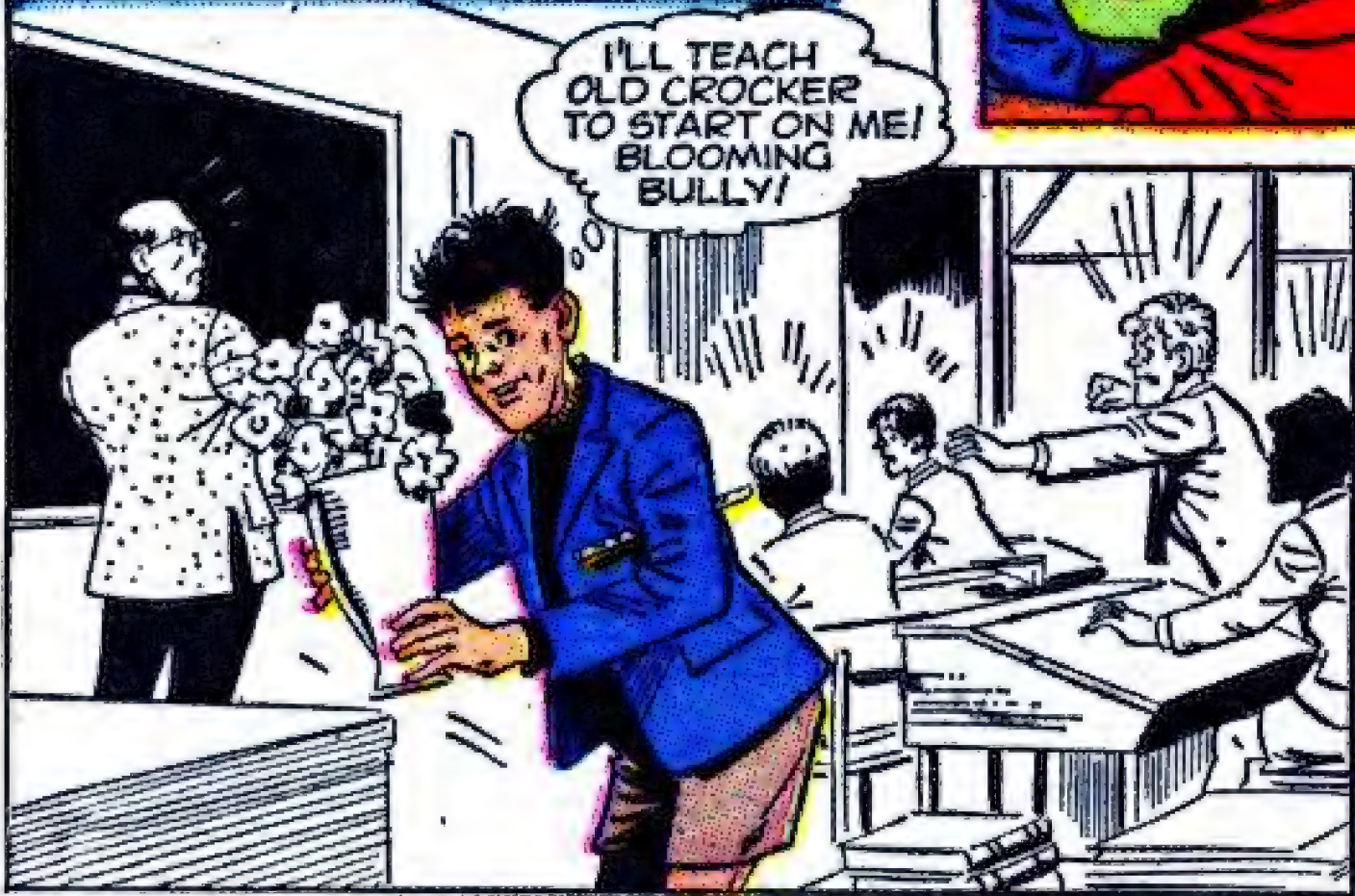


THREATENED WITH A PUNCH, PHIL GIVES BULLY CROCKER A BUNCH!

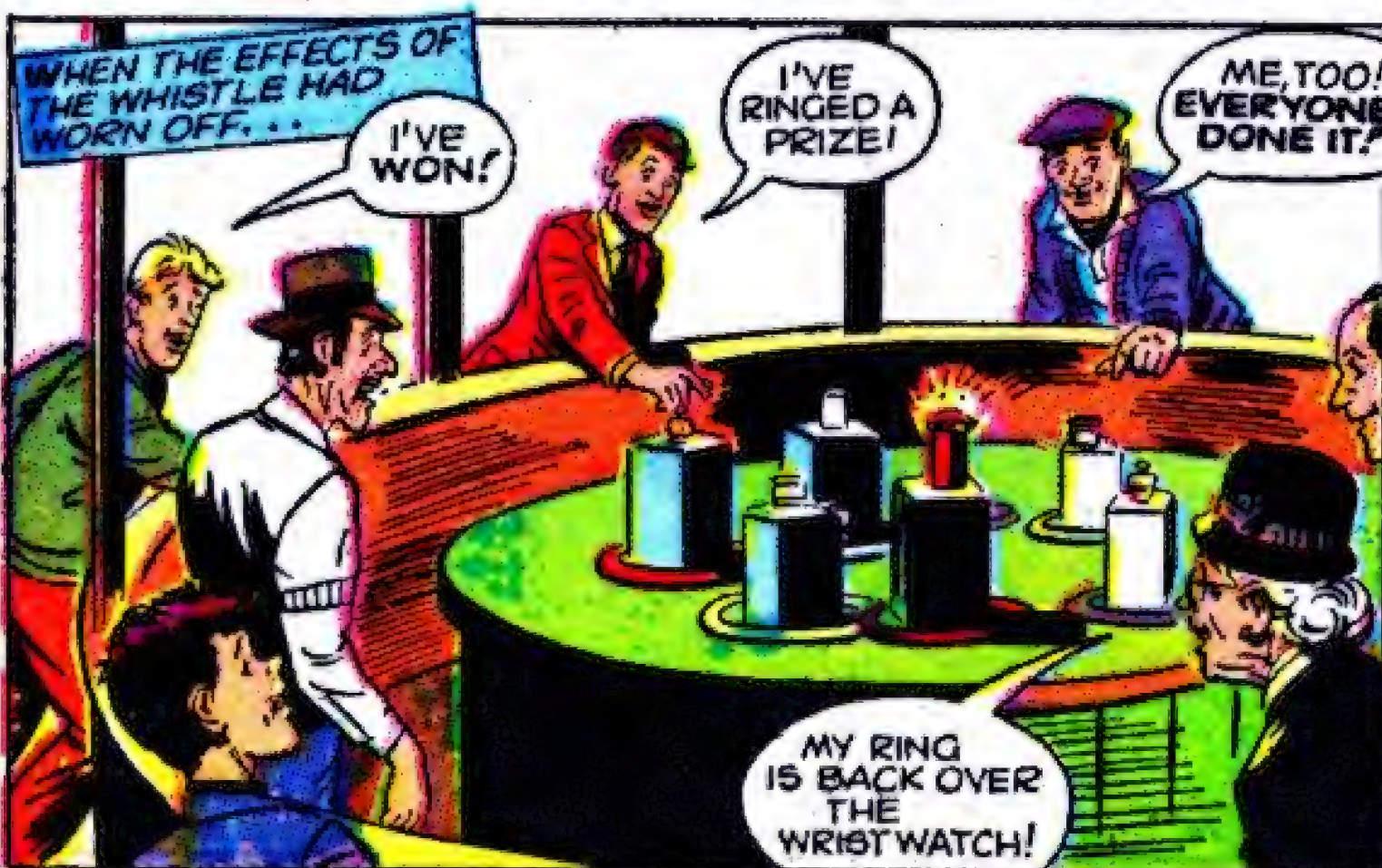
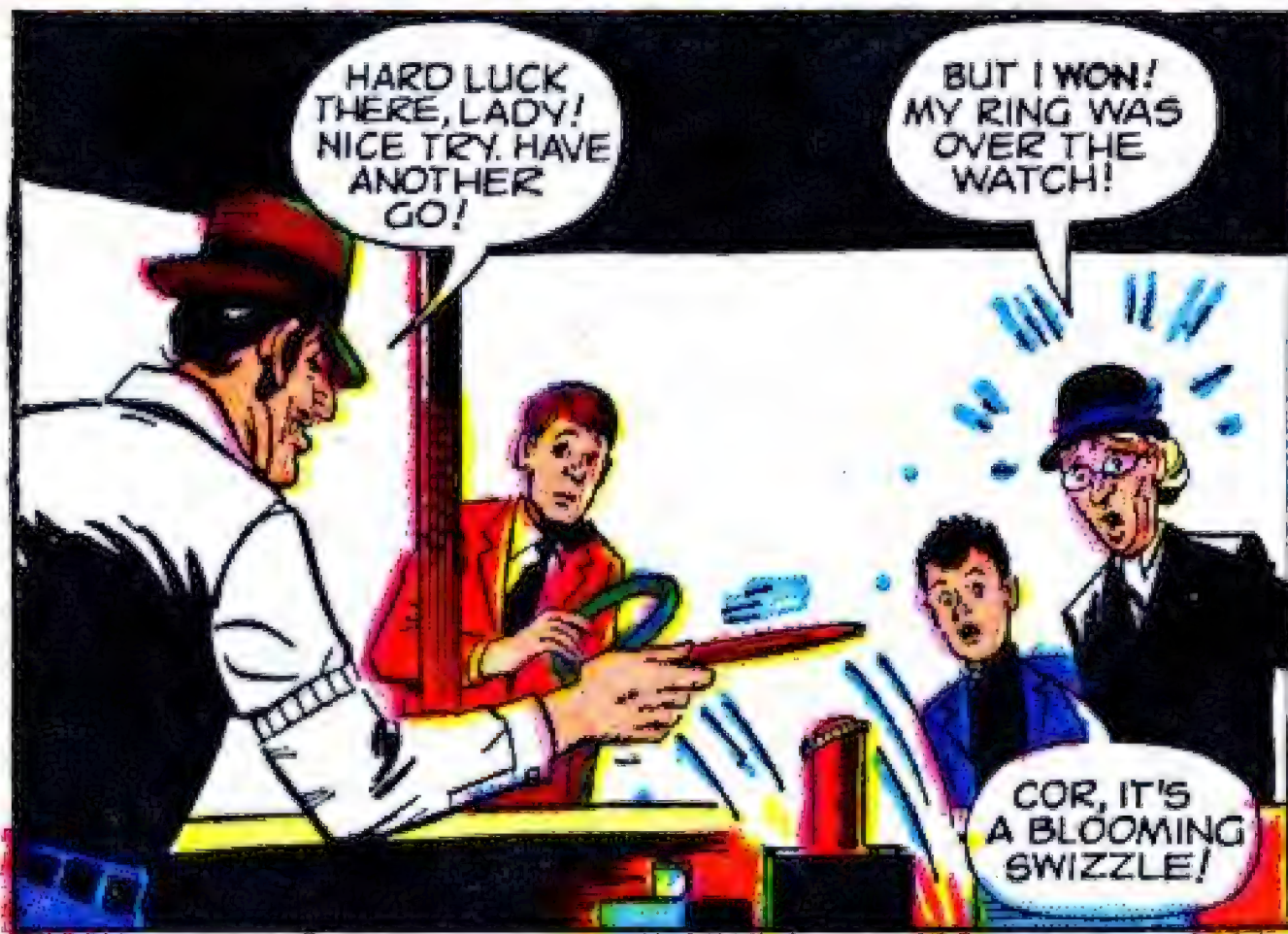
PHIL THE FLUTTER


SCHOOL BOY PHIL TAYLOR HAD DISCOVERED AN OLD TIN WHISTLE AT THE BOTTOM OF A FORGOTTEN WELL IN THE RUINS OF CLAYTHORPE ABBEY. HE SOON REALISED THAT PLAYING A NOTE ON THE WHISTLE SEEMED TO MAKE TIME STAND STILL - FOR EVERYONE EXCEPT HIM! THEN, AT SCHOOL, 'BULLY' CROCKER TRIED TO TAKE THE WHISTLE FROM HIM...

AS THE NOTES FROM THE WHISTLE ECHOED AROUND THE CLASSROOM, EVERYONE FROZE LIKE STATUES!



The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava took place this week, on October 25, 1854.



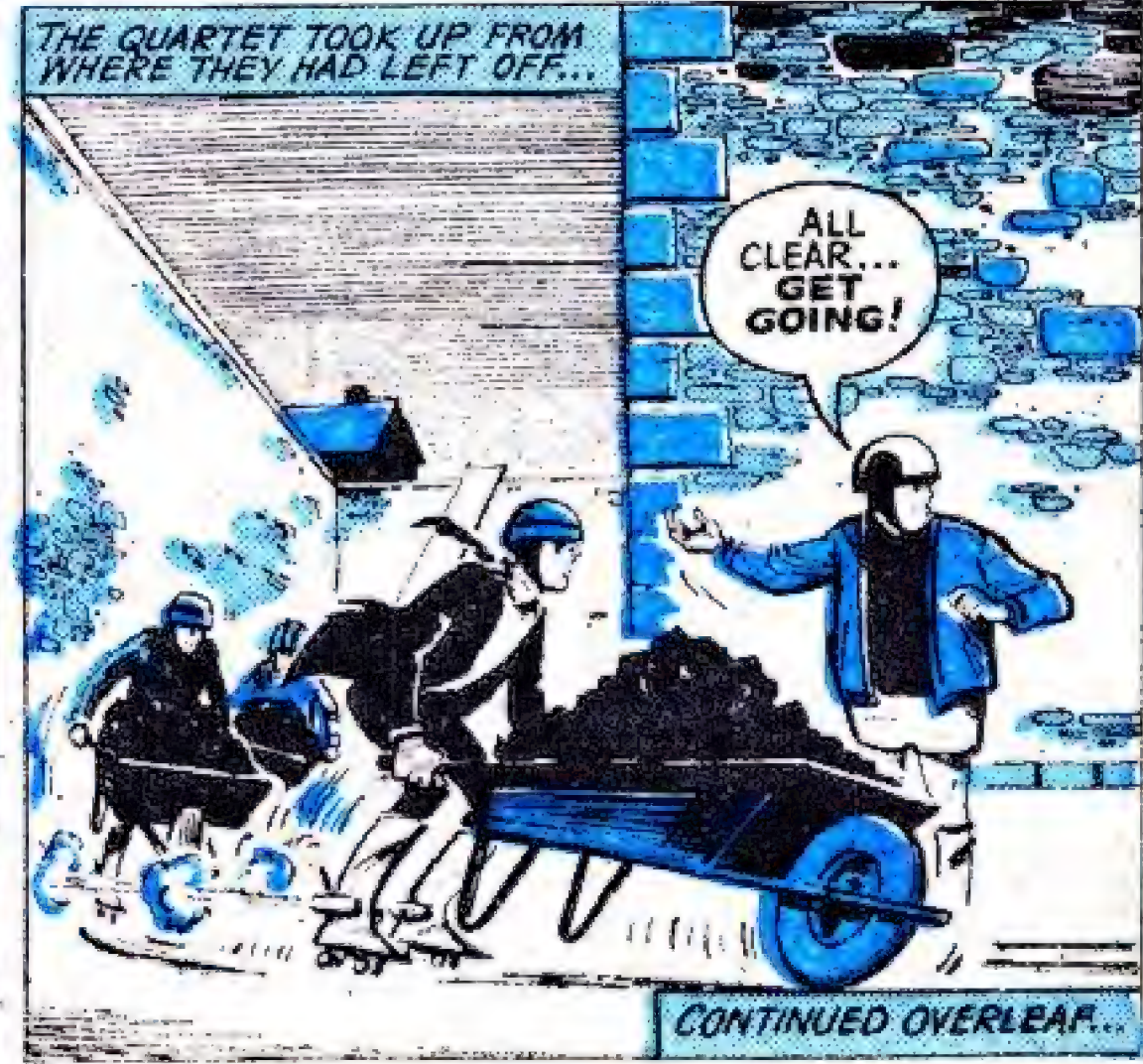
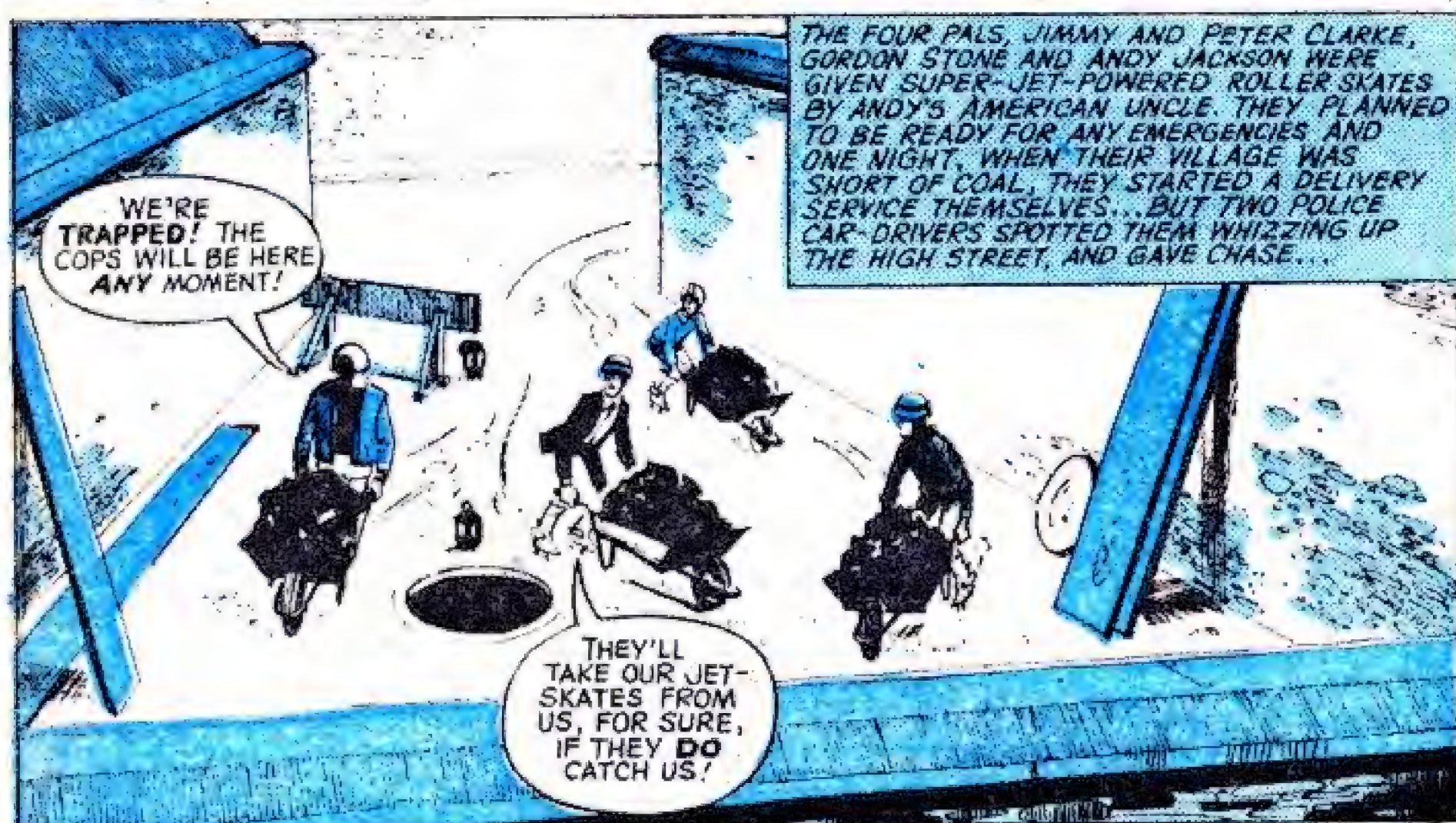


THE SPOOKS OF ST. LUKE'S



ONE GOOD DEED AFTER ANOTHER — THAT'S THE AIM OF THE FAST FOURSOME!

THE JET-SKATERS



The dye, Prussian Blue, was discovered in Prussia in 1704 by accident.



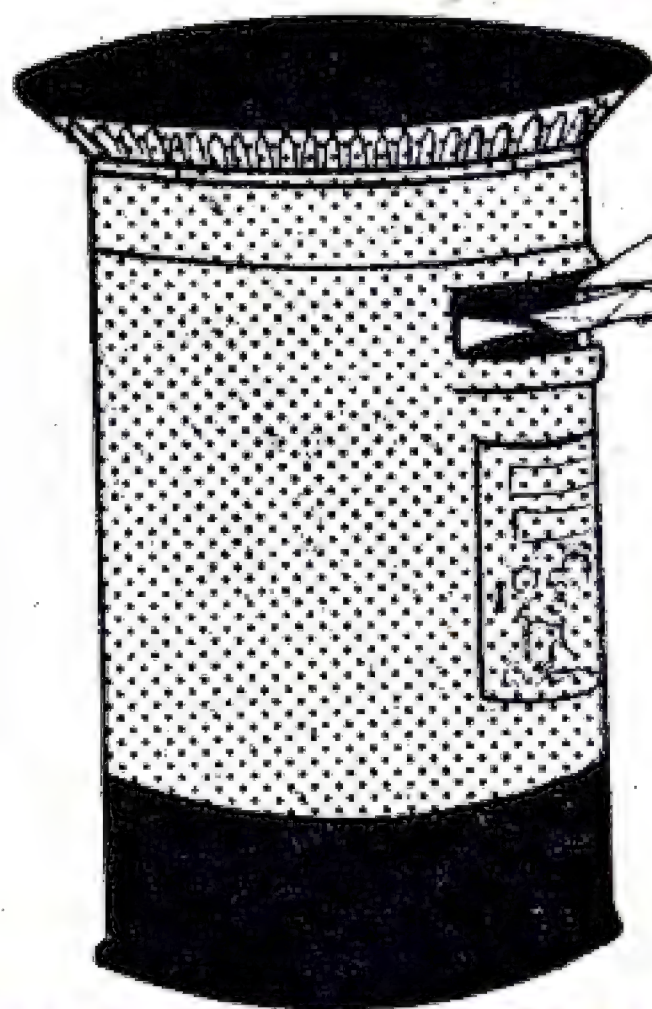
WHEN ALL THE COAL HAD BEEN DISTRIBUTED...



There are more than five million chess players in the U.S.S.R.



"SEND 'EM IN!" SAYS SAM



STAR LETTER

£1 — for you!
That's what I'll pay for any letters, jokes, rhymes, riddles, or anything else that I pick to be printed on this page. Send 'em in to: Sam, "Thunder", Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 . . . and let me know your three favourite stories, too!

Dear Sam,
The other day, I was watching my younger brother draw a car. He started with the roof and worked downwards. Suddenly, he stopped and chewed his pencil. "Where are the wheels?" I asked him, looking at the drawing. "Oh, they're still in the pencil!" he said. How about that for a five-year-old?

Jimmy Wakely, Cambridge



DRUM LANGUAGE

Dear Sam,
My dad used to live in East Africa, and his job was to police with the Africans and keep peace between them. He had to learn the African Drum Language so that he could hear if there was any trouble brewing! And quite recently, he taught the language to me!

Peter Kirby,
Leeds

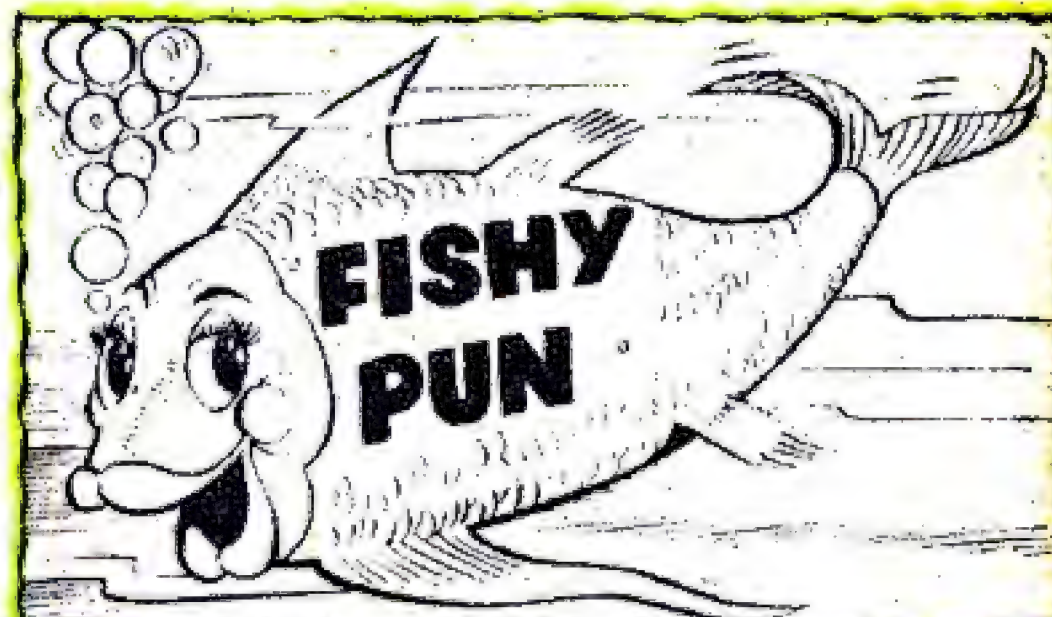


Private Eye!

Dear Sam,
Since I like reading detective stories, I have often tried to get all my friends into a society for 'detectives'. The club gets going, but then all the members leave, and I have to start again! Why is this?

Barry Allen, Devon

SAM SAYS: Perhaps you are too bossy, and make the other members feel that you have started the club just for *your* benefit alone. Remember to bring *all* the members in on working out the plans for club projects!



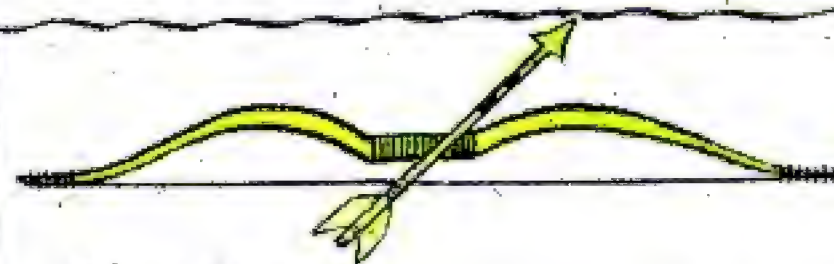
Here's a good riddle for you, pals . . .
Which parts of a fish weigh the most?
Answer—the Scales!

SLEEP-HINTS

Dear Sam,
For a long time now, I've suffered from not being able to get to sleep at night. I asked a couple of friends if they could solve my problem. And one of them told me that if I thought over everything I had done that day, I would soon fall asleep. I tried his suggestion . . . and now, I take just as long to get to sleep—but I've developed a much better memory!

Gerry Jordon, Leicester

SAM SAYS: That's certainly a new way of improving your memory! But I'm sure other THUNDER fans can help you to really ensure a good night's sleep! How about it readers?



ROBIN HOOD RAIDERS

Dear Sam,
Did the Commandos use bows and arrows in World War II? I say they did, so that they could make surprise attacks on German camps without the noise of guns. But my best pal disagrees with me—he reckons that bows and arrows are old-fashioned and the Commandos wouldn't have used such ancient weapons. Can you settle the argument for us?

Chris Perry, Feltham

SAM SAYS: Yes, longbows, similar to the weapons used in battles like Crecy, were used by special forces in the last war!



EGGY!

Dear Sam,
I thought you might like to know that, out of six eggs my Mother bought last week, the first five to be broken all had double yolks. As there are five in our family, there was no argument about who should get the double-yolker on toast for breakfast!

I intend to collect THUNDER for the next 25 years, because, like our eggs, it gives you double-value for money!

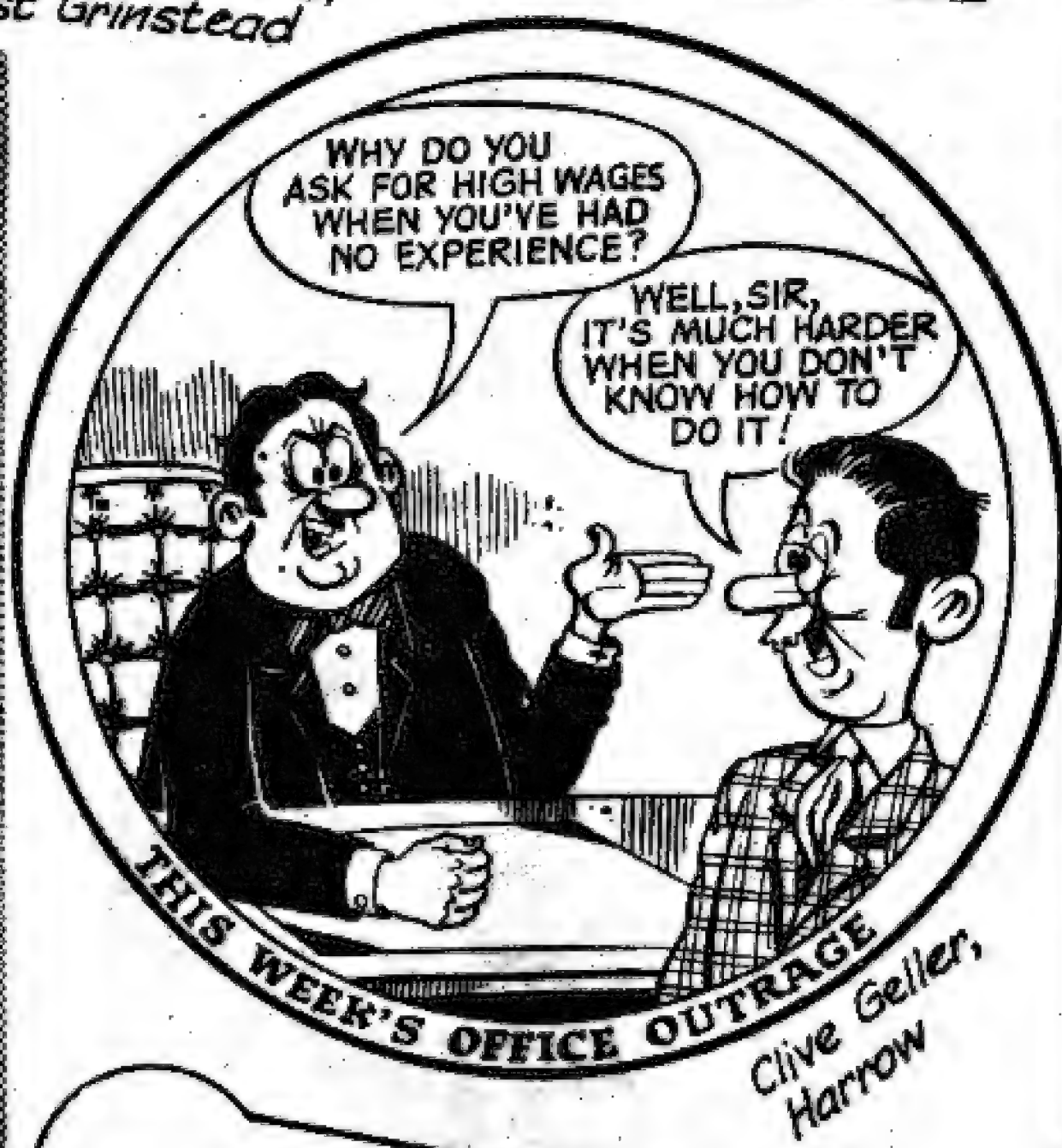
Matt Loring, Brighton

SAM SAYS: I bet that when your mum told you about the eggs, you all said—'You must be YOLKING . . . !'



SAM PICKS HIS TOP GAGS

£1 for any jokes that I think our artist would like to draw. Roll 'em in, pals! Let's make Sam's Spot a real cracker!



JOIN IRONSIDES ON A THRILL-FILLED MISSION INTO ENEMY TERRITORY!

STEEL COMMANDO



THE HEAT AND THE SAND
SERVE ME FEET SOMETHING
CRUEL! COR! THIS WATER'S
WARM! CAN'T YOU MAKE
ME SOME ICE, CHUM?



DURING WORLD WAR II, LANCE-
CORPORAL ERNIE 'EXCUSED-
BOOTS' BATES WAS PUT IN CHARGE
OF A SECRET WEAPON CALLED
THE STEEL COMMANDO,
BECAUSE HE WAS THE ONLY MAN
IN THE BRITISH ARMY THE ROBOT
WOULD OBEY! WHEN THEY WERE
SENT TO THE WESTERN DESERT
ON A SPECIAL MISSION, ERNIE
MADE THE MOST OF HIS CONTROL
OVER THE METAL MONSTER...

THE STEEL COMMANDO OPENED ITS
REFRIGERATION COMPARTMENT...



CERTAINLY,
ERNIE!

ERNIE GIGGED HAPPILY AS A HANDFUL
OF ICE CUBES WAS ADDED TO THE WATER...



AH, THAT'S
GREAT,
IRONSIDES!

BUT TROUBLE WAS ON ITS WAY...



HEY, ERNIE...YOUR TIN MONSTER
HAS BEEN PICKED TO PLAY IN THE
UNIT FOOTBALL TEAM FOR THE
BRIGADE CUP!

THAT'S DAFT! HE
CAN'T PLAY SOCCER!
HE'S A ROBOT!

YOU SHOW ME ANYWHERE
IN THE RULES THAT SAYS A
PLAYER HAS TO BE A
HUMAN BEING!



THE ROBOT IS
A MEMBER OF THE
UNIT, SO HE'S
QUALIFIED!



OF COURSE, AS YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE WHO CAN CONTROL
HIM, YOU'LL HAVE TO PLAY
IN THE TEAM, TOO!

BUT YOU CAN'T PICK ME!
I'M 'EXCUSED BOOTS'! I
CAN'T PLAY IN ME DAPS!



WHY NOT? WE DON'T
WANT TO GET YOU INTO
TROUBLE, ERNIE, BUT...

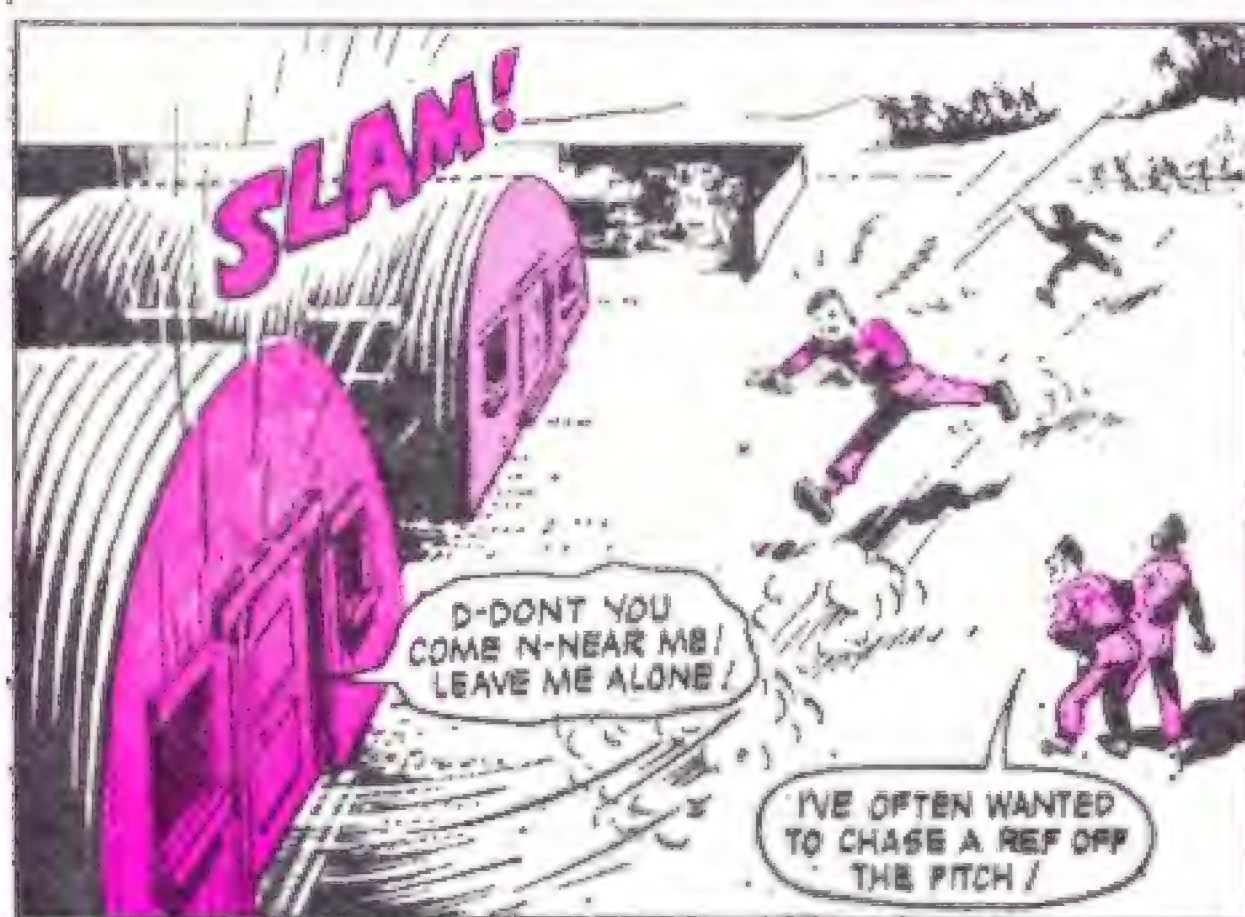
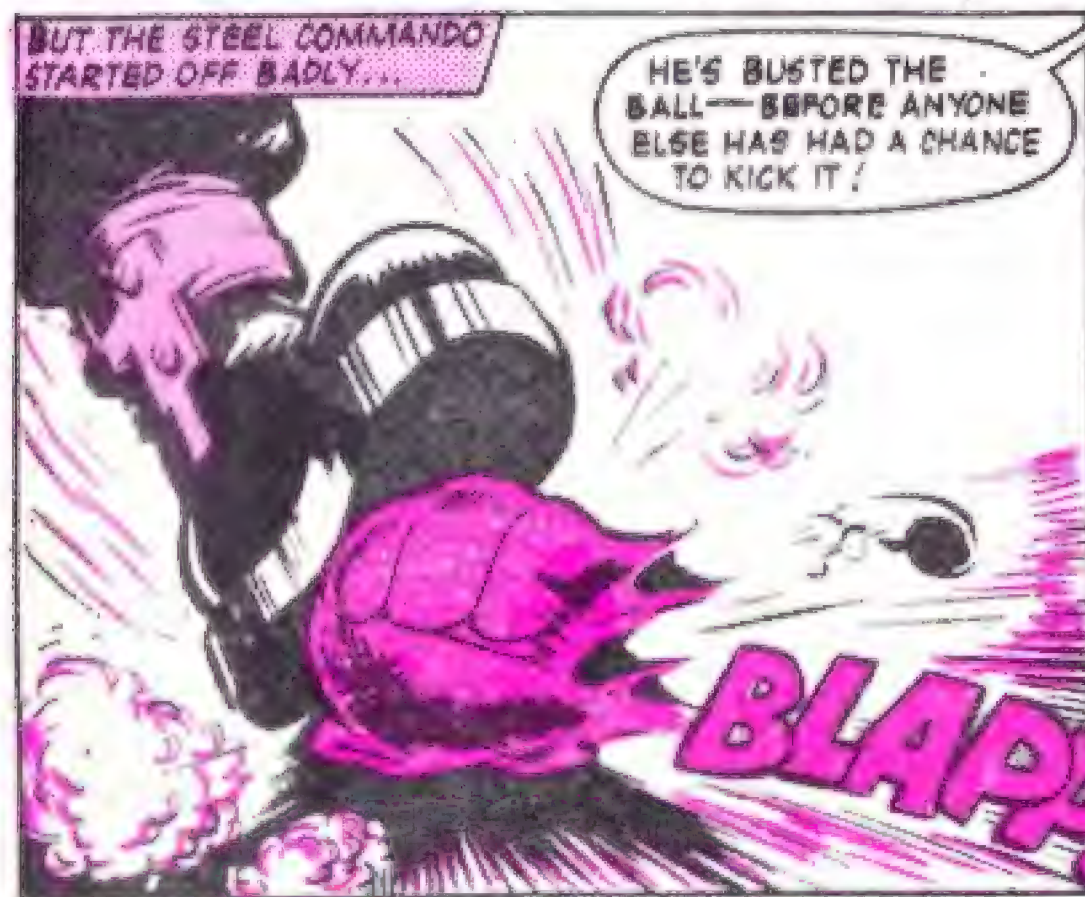
... WE MIGHT FEEL IT OUR DUTY TO TELL
THE QUARTER-MASTER THAT YOU'VE GOT YOUR
ROBOT ON THE RATION LIST! WE KNOW YOU'RE
DRAWING DOUBLE RATIONS, AND ALL WE GET'S
IS A QUART OF LUBRICATING OIL A DAY!

FACED WITH THE THREAT, ERNIE
RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO TAKE
PART IN A TRIAL GAME...



WE'RE BOUND TO WIN
THE BRIGADE CUP WITH OL'
IRONSIDES PLAYING FOR US!

A German prince once sold 1,225 of his soldiers to the British army.



Rockets were used in war by the Chinese over 750 years ago.

BUT THERE WAS NO NEED TO ORDER THE ROBOT TO A HALT...



HE'S SHORT-CIRCUITED HIMSELF!

THE BOFFINS IN CHARGE OF THE ROBOT'S PROGRAMMING SUDDENLY ARRIVED...



ERNIE! YOU'VE LET THE STEEL COMMANDO DAMAGE ITSELF, AND HE'S NEEDED FOR AN URGENT MISSION!

YOU'D BETTER GO TO THE C.O. FOR A BRIEFING, WHILE WE MAKE REPAIRS!

ERNIE REPORTED FOR INSTRUCTIONS...



RIGHT, ERNIE, LOOK AT THIS MAP... THE ITALIANS HAVE SET UP A CONCRETE STRONG POINT HOLDING UP OUR ADVANCE! WE WANT THE STEEL COMMANDO TO GET OUT THERE AND DEMOLISH THEIR CAMP! YOU'LL BE ACCOMPANIED BY AN ASSAULT PARTY AND MAKE THE ATTACK AT FIRST LIGHT!

LATER, THE RAIDING PARTY BOARDED A TRUCK...



WE'VE HAD TO DO A QUICK REPAIR JOB - BUT THE STEEL COMMANDO SEEMS TO BE WORKING!

SIR, THERE'S A LOT OF FOOTBALL GEAR IN THIS TRUCK!



I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE TAKING THE TEAM TO THE BRIGADE CUP MATCH!

THAT'S POSTPONED! NO TIME TO EMPTY THE TRUCK - LEAVE THE STUFF IN THERE!

THE RAIDERS REACHED THEIR OBJECTIVE WHILE IT WAS STILL DARK...



THERE'S THE FORT UP THERE! GO TO YOUR POSITIONS, MEN! THE ROBOT GOES FIRST TO SMASH A WAY IN, AND WE WILL FOLLOW...

ERNIE SIGHED...



COME ON THEN, MATE, THE SOONER WE GET THE JOB DONE, THE SOONER I CAN TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF ME FEET!

BUT THE STEEL COMMANDO DID NOT MOVE...



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, BATES?

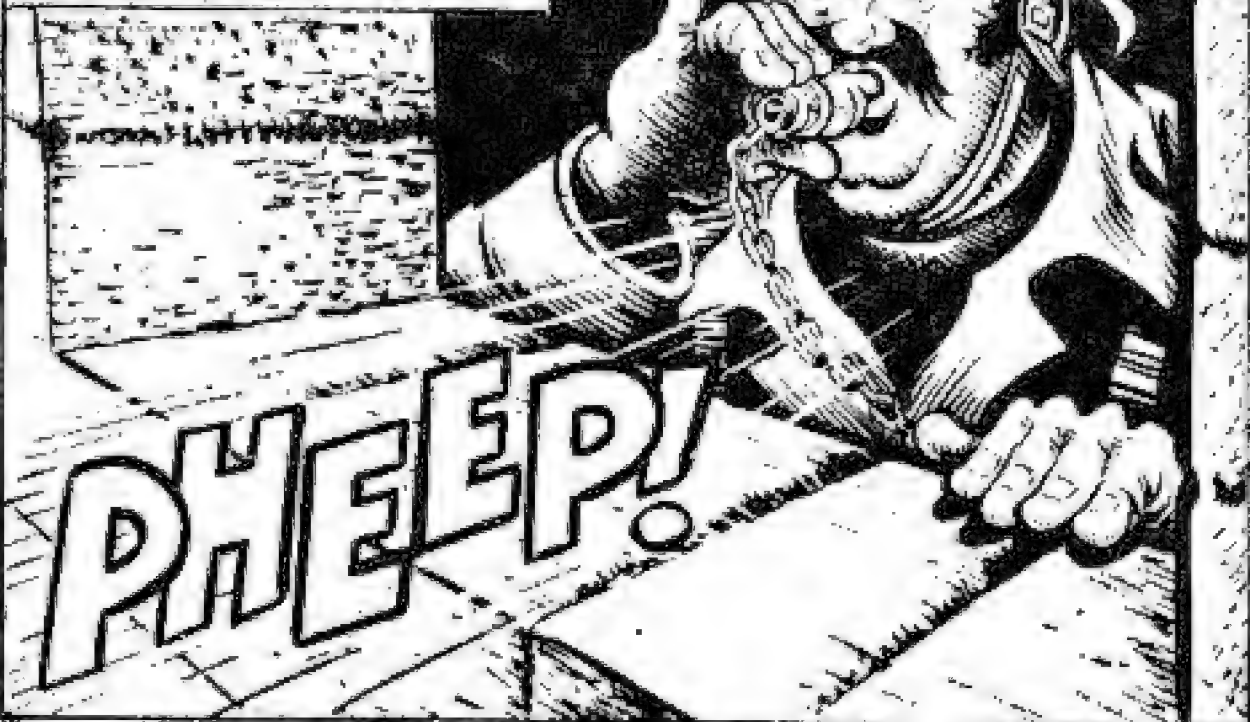
THEM PERISHIN' BOFFINS! THEY DIDN'T FIX HIM PROPERLY! HE WON'T MOVE!

WE'VE STILL GOT TO DO THE JOB! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO ATTACK THEM WITHOUT THE ROBOT!



LUMME! WE'LL GET BUTCHERED! HAVE YOU SEEN THE SIZE OF THAT GUN?

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, AN ITALIAN OFFICER-ON-WATCH SAW A SUSPICIOUS MOVEMENT IN THE WADI AND BLEW A WHISTLE TO ALERT HIS MEN...



PHEEP!

THE EFFECT ON THE ROBOT WAS TOTALLY UNEXPECTED...



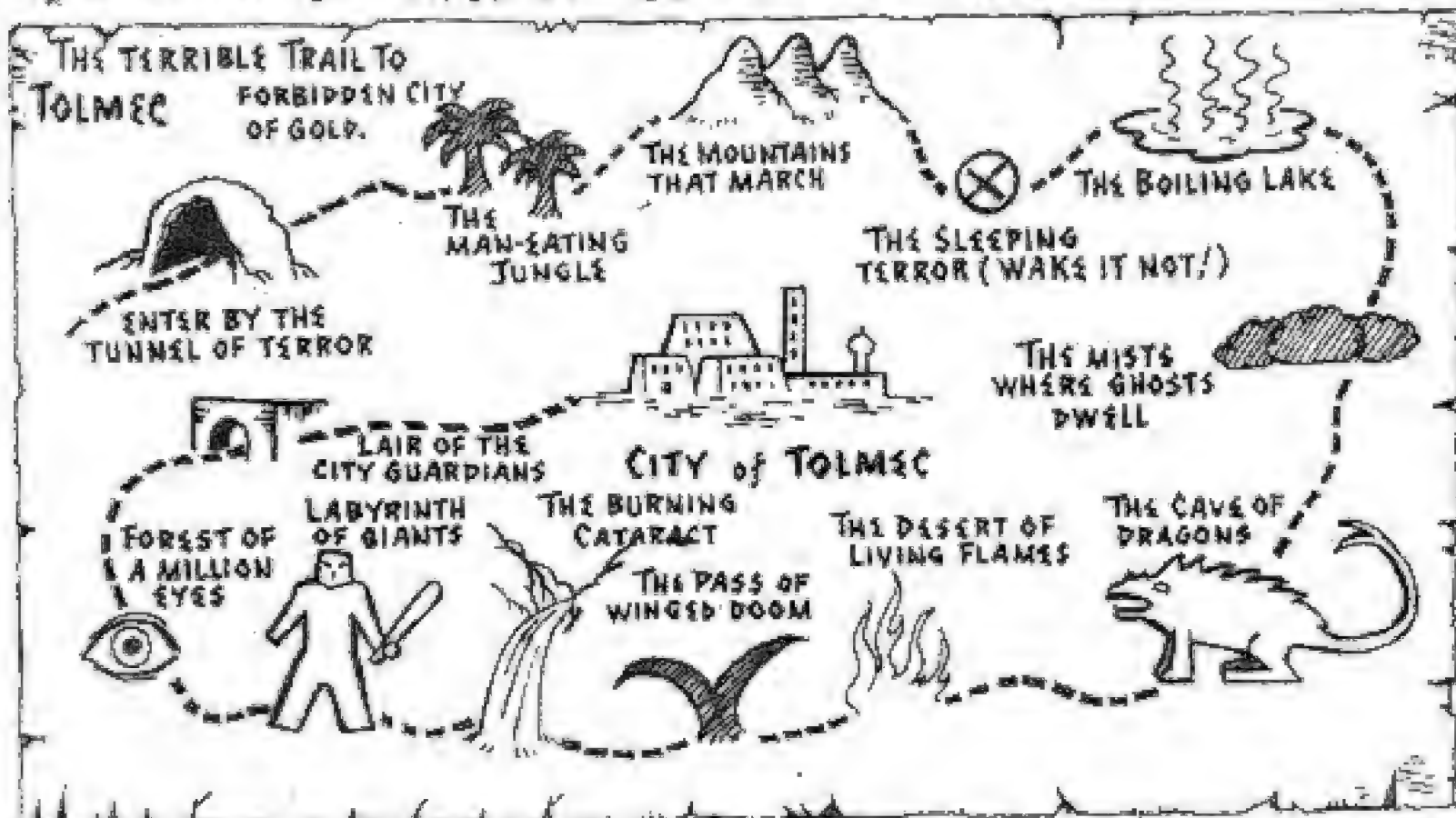
HE MUST'VE THOUGHT IT WAS A REF'S WHISTLE! HE'S GOT REAL MAD!

The bayonet was invented at Bayonne, in France, in 1641.

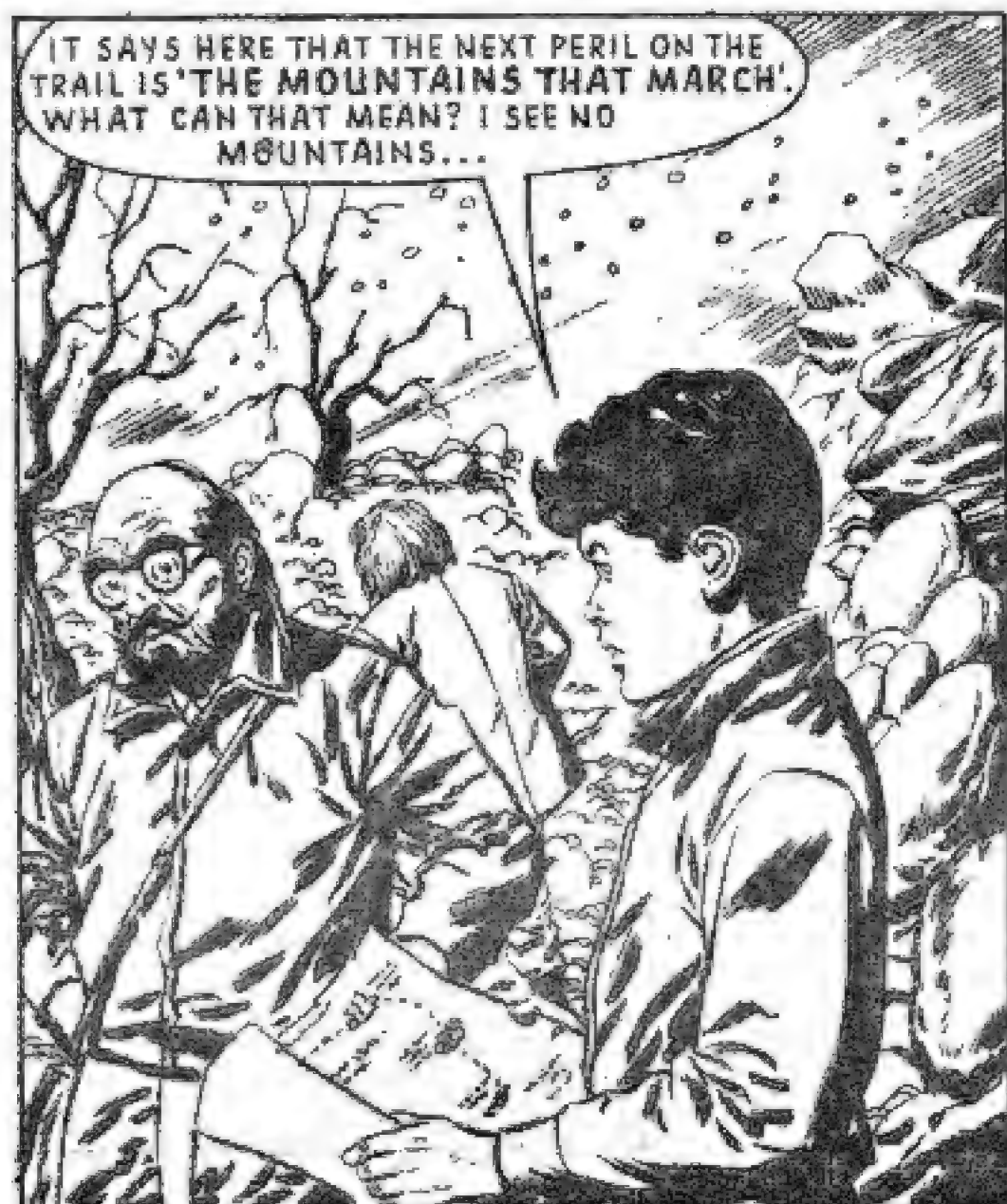


THE THIRD HAZARD—THE MOUNTAINS THAT MARCH!

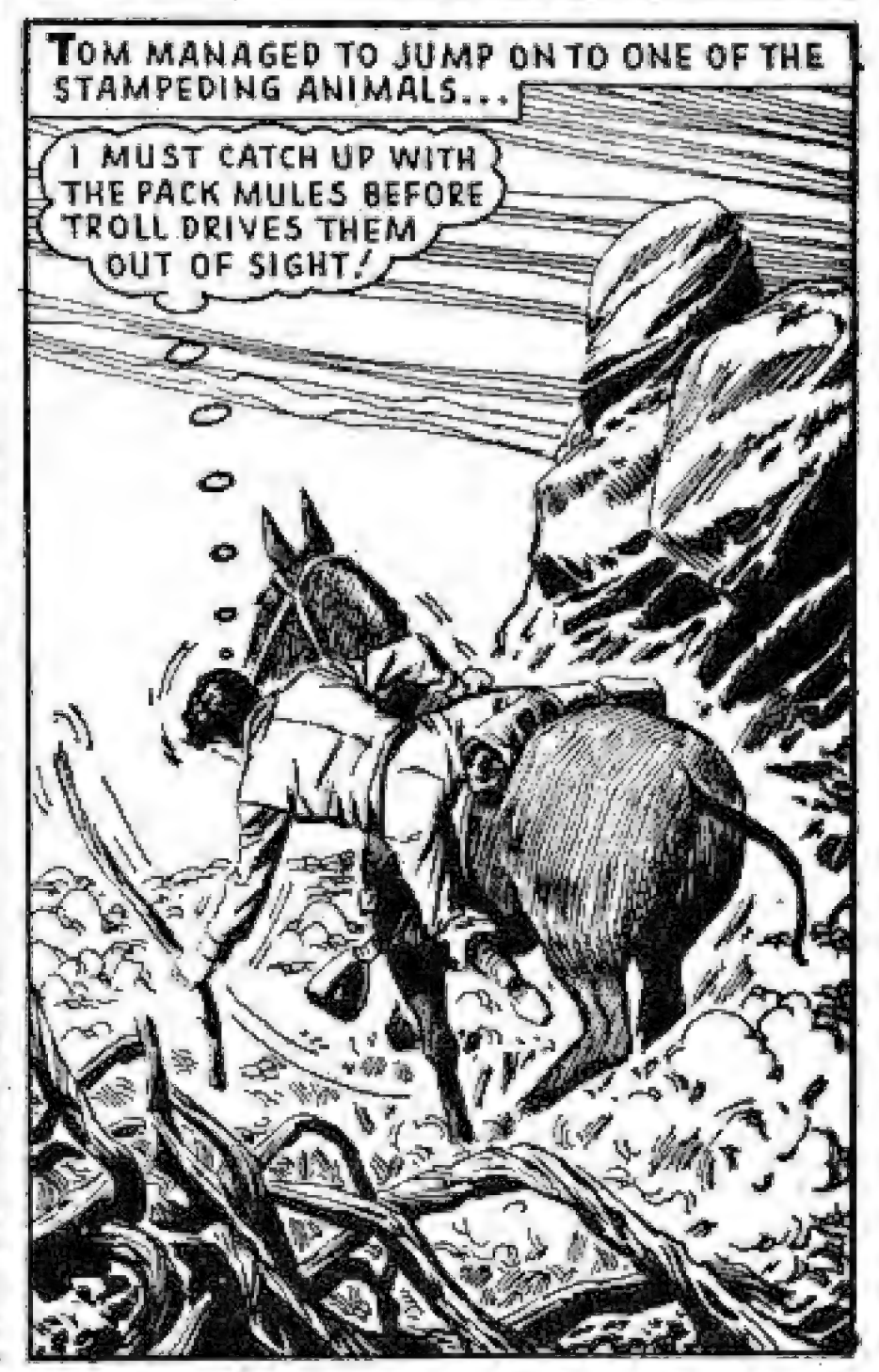
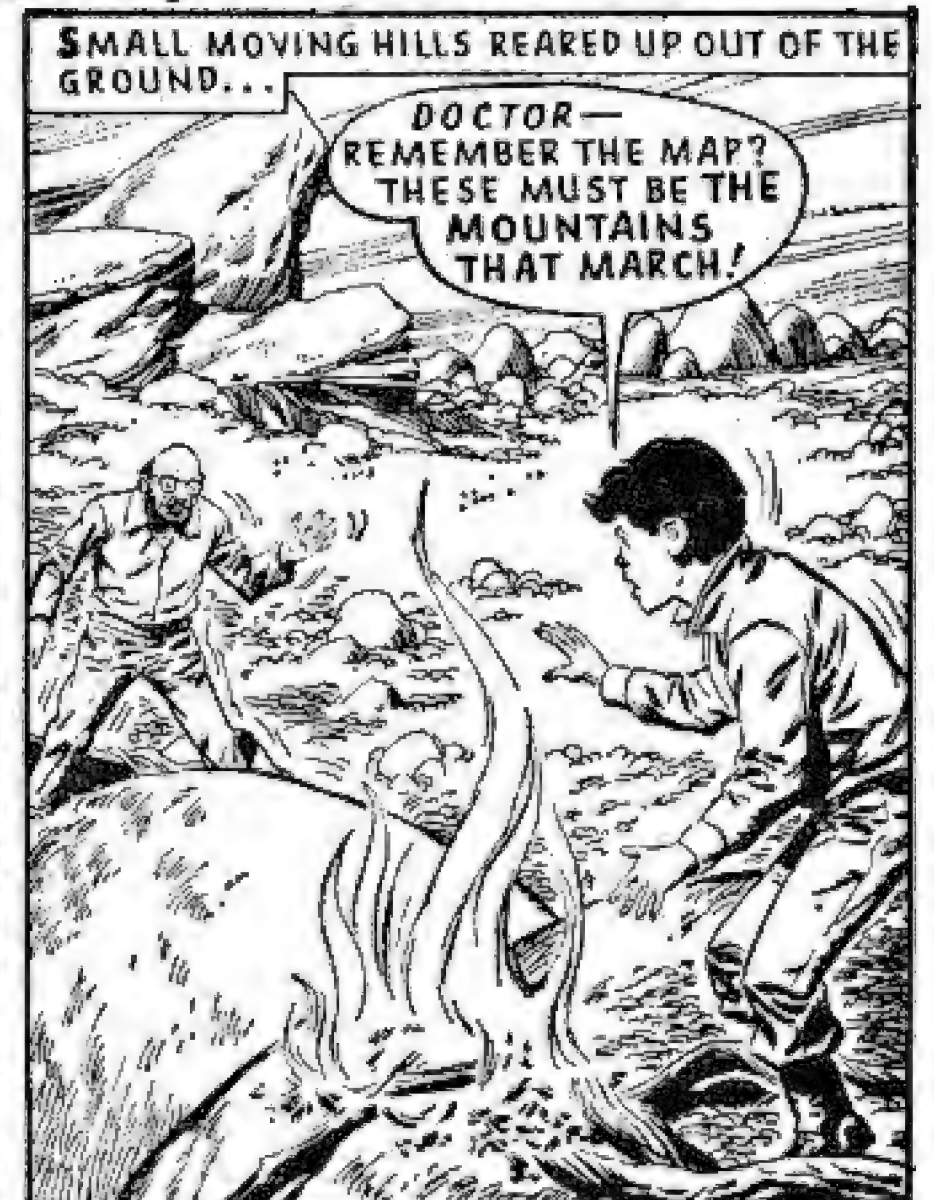
THE TERRIBLE TRAIL TO TOLMEC



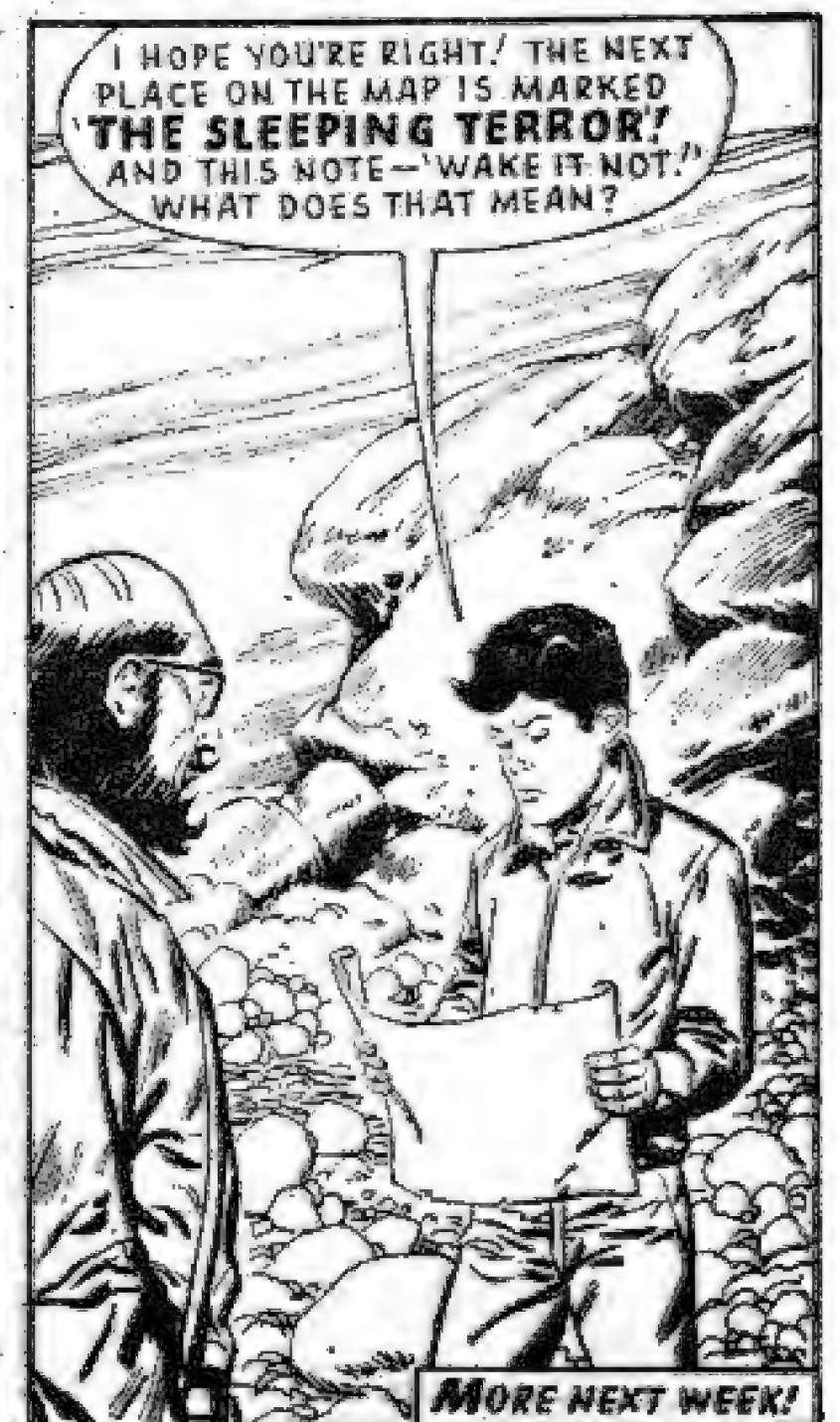
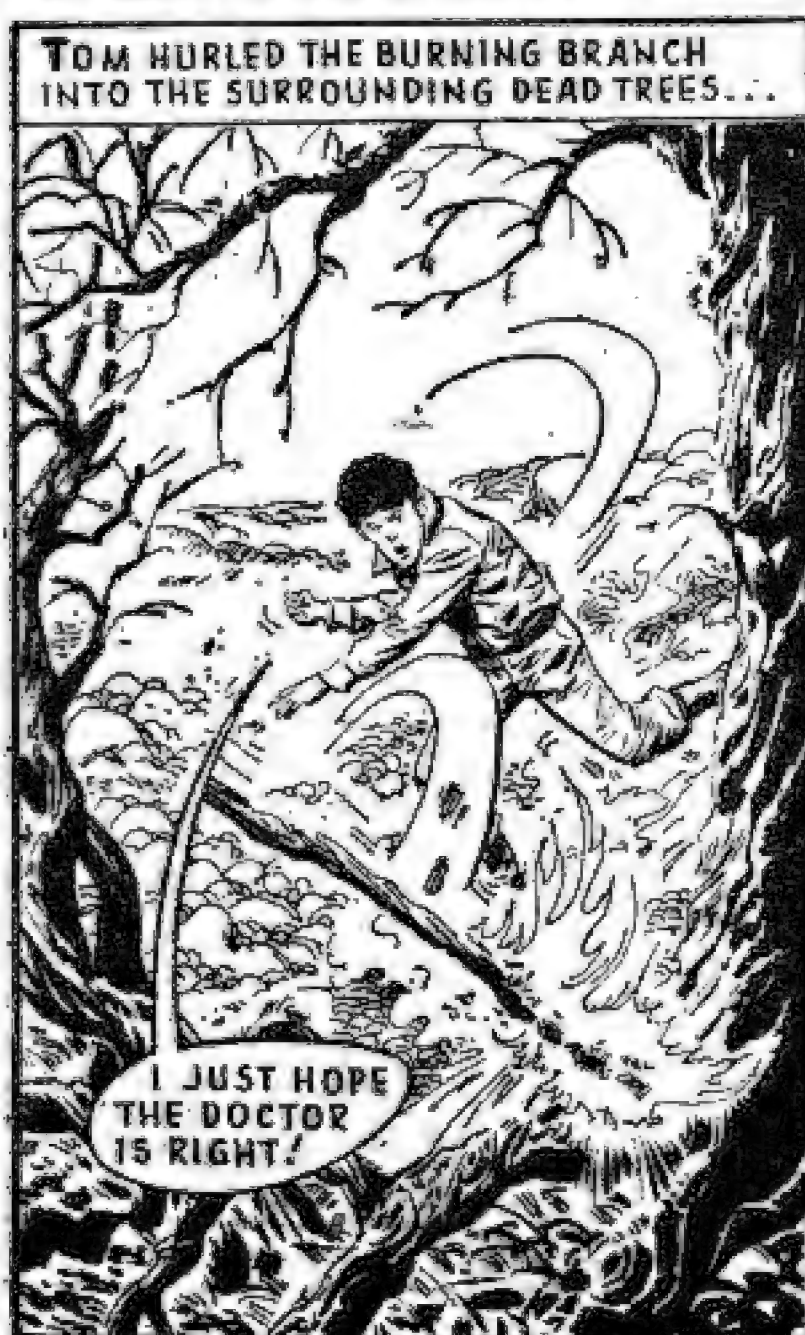
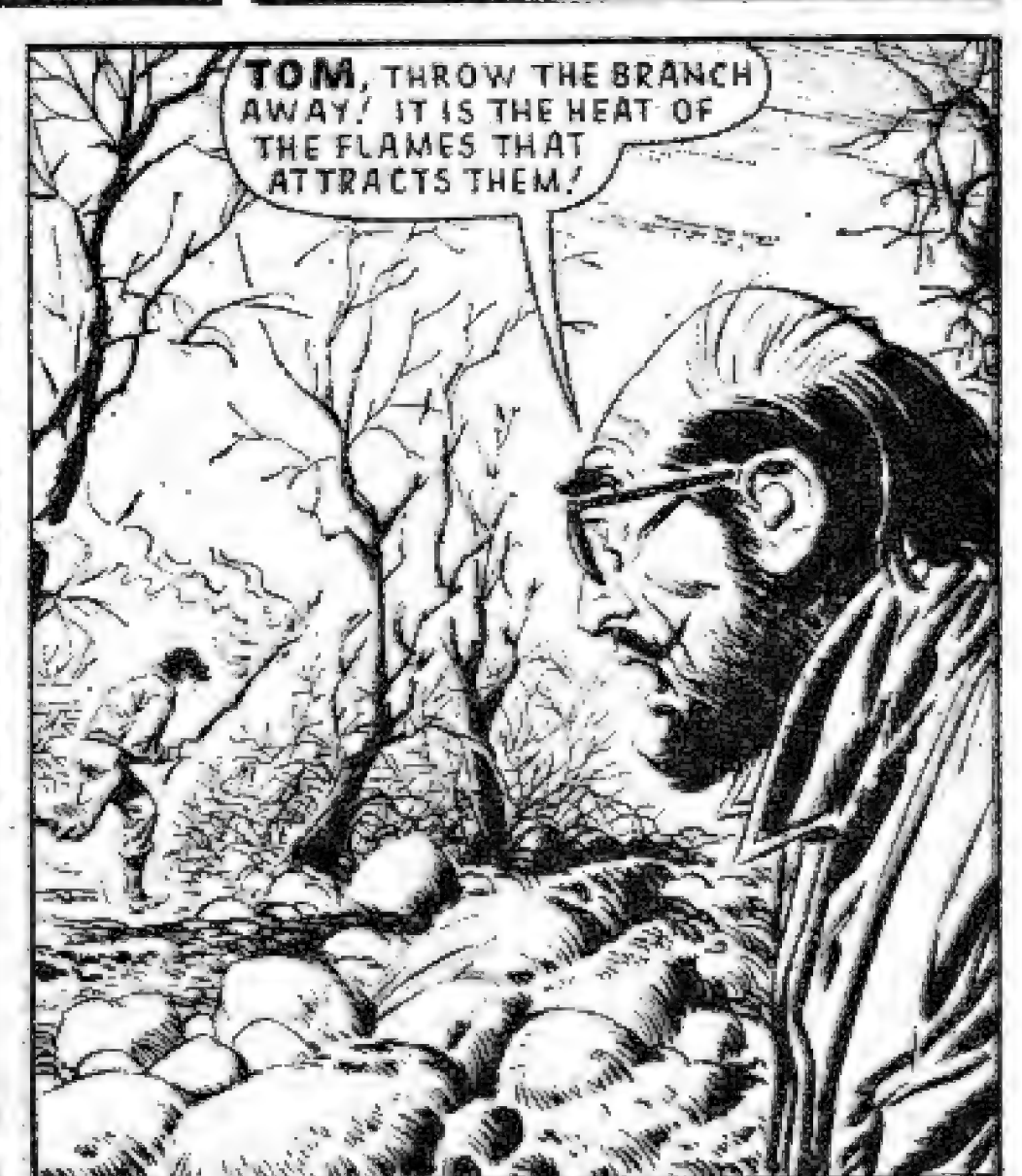
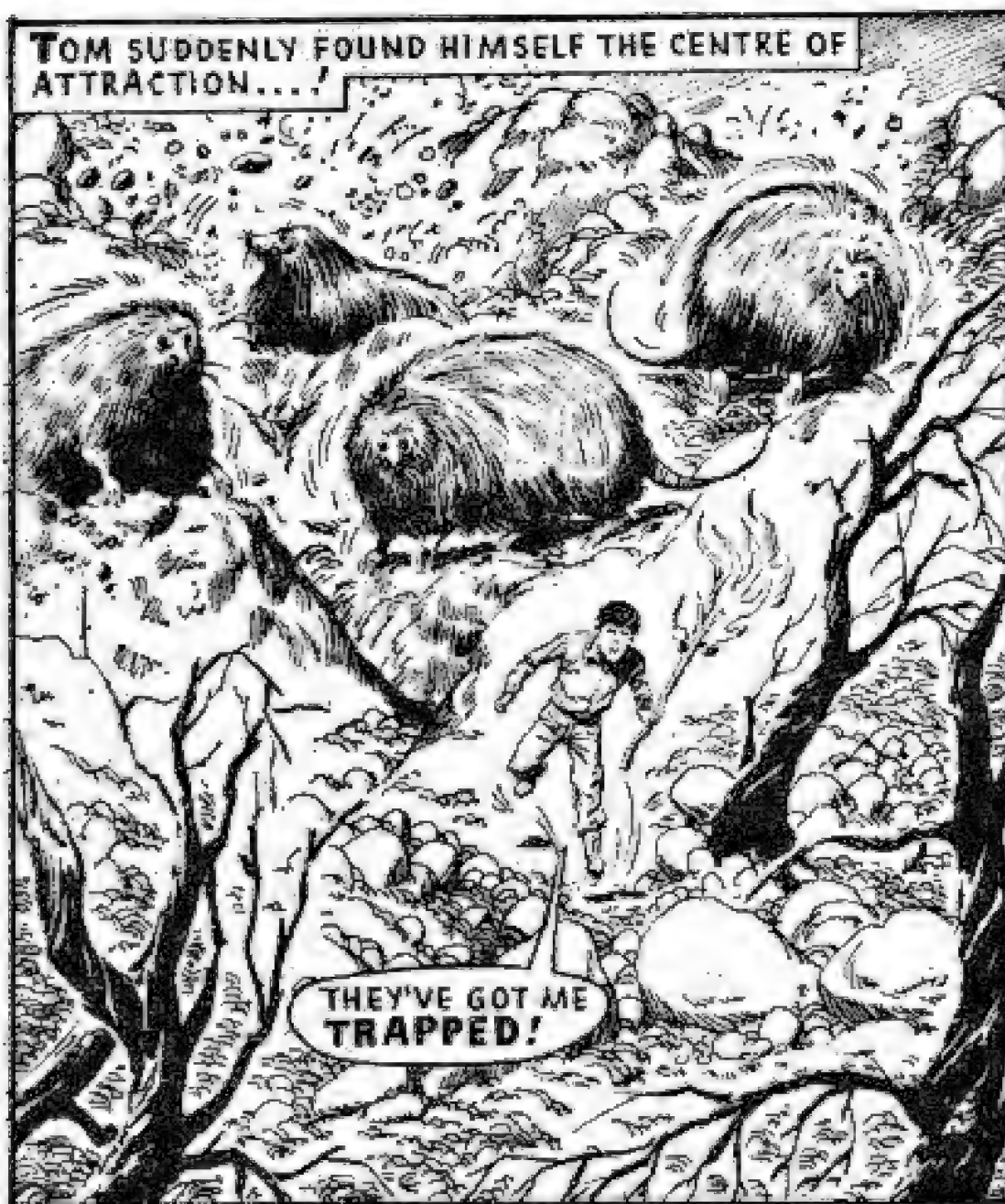
DOCTOR WOLFGANG STRANGER, WHO CONSIDERED HIMSELF THE GREATEST EXPLORER IN THE WORLD, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS GIGANTIC MANSERVANT, TROLL, HAD AGREED TO GO WITH TOM TAYLOR ON THE TERRIBLE TRAIL TO TOLMEC, THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF GOLD, WHERE TOM BELIEVED THEY WOULD FIND HIS FATHER. AFTER PASSING THROUGH THE TUNNEL OF TERROR AND ESCAPING THE DEADLY PERILS OF THE MAN-EATING JUNGLE, THE PARTY SOON REACHED A HIGH, BLEAK PLATEAU WHERE BLIZZARDS RAGED AND THE ICY WIND CUT LIKE A STEEL BLADE...



After sleeping all night in his car, a man found he'd parked in Lullaby Lane.



Kharkov prison, in the U.S.S.R., is the world's largest.



A MOUNTAIN-GUIDE FINDS A WAY TO WIN BACK HIS LOST COURAGE! GAUNTLET OF FATE



THIS TELESCOPE IS SUPER, DAD... I CAN EVEN SEE THEM CARRYING CRATES INTO THAT HOTEL DOWN IN THE VALLEY!

COME ON, SON. THE CABLE-RAILWAY WILL BE CLOSING SOON!

A WEIRD GAUNTLET WHICH HAD ONCE BELONGED TO A MEDIEVAL LAW-MAKER HAD BEEN DUG OUT OF ITS CENTURIES-OLD HIDING PLACE. THE GAUNTLET BROUGHT JUSTICE TO ALL WHO WORE IT, THE EVIL AND THE GOOD. AFTER UNMASKING A MURDERER IN A FRENCH FISHING VILLAGE, THE GAUNTLET WAS ACCIDENTALLY PACKED IN A CRATE BOUND FOR A WINTER SPORTS RESORT IN SWITZERLAND...



THE FATEFUL CRATE WAS OPENED IN THE KITCHENS OF THE BIG HOTEL...

HERE, ALAIN, YOU WERE A MOUNTAIN-GUIDE ONCE... BEFORE YOU LOST YOUR NERVE! MAYBE YOU CAN HIDE YOUR SHAKING HAND IN THIS OLD GLOVE I'VE FOUND IN THE CRATE!



ALAIN CLUTCHED THE GAUNTLET WITHOUT LOOKING AT IT!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, ALAIN!

SNEERS... ALWAYS SNEERS! BUT MAYBE THERE IS ONE WAY I CAN GET MY NERVE BACK!



PAUL WATCHED AS ALAIN STRODE FROM THE KITCHEN...

ALAIN IS HEADING FOR THE MOUNTAIN CABLE-CAR! WHAT'S HE UP TO?



SORRY, SIR... YOU'VE JUST MISSED THIS CAR!

ALAIN'S ON IT! WHAT DOES HE MEAN TO DO, UP THERE ON THE MOUNTAIN?



IN THE VEHICLE, ALAIN WAS READING THE WORDS EMBROIDERED ON THE CUFF OF THE GAUNTLET...

"HE WHO DONS THE GAUNTLET OF FATE SHALL GAIN HIS JUST REWARD"...



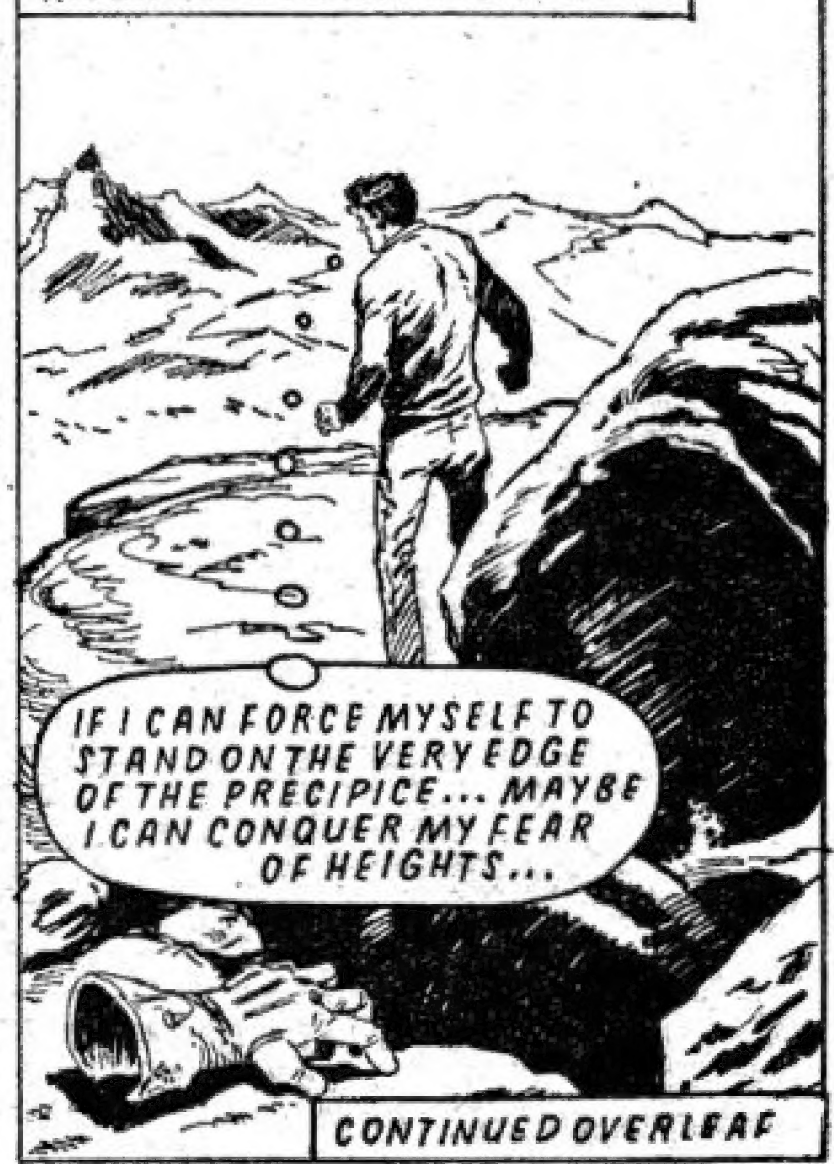
AFTER HE LEFT THE CABLE CAR, ALAIN CLIMBED HIGHER UP THE MOUNTAIN...

YOU SEE WHERE THAT MAN'S WALKING... THE PRECIPICE ABOVE THE CABLE-RAILWAY STATION? THEY CALL THAT THE DEVIL'S JUMP! DOZENS OF PEOPLE HAVE FALLEN FROM IT!



DROPPING THE GAUNTLET, THE EX-MOUNTAINEER WALKED ON...

IF I CAN FORCE MYSELF TO STAND ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE... MAYBE I CAN CONQUER MY FEAR OF HEIGHTS...



CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Four-inch long water beetles in the U.S. feed on fish and young frogs.

THE WEIRD GAUNTLET WAS ABLE TO MOVE AND ACT OF ITS OWN ACCORD...

UHH—IT'S NO GOOD! I CAN'T FACE THAT DROP! I'LL NEVER GET MY NERVE BACK THIS WAY!



MEANWHILE, THE FANTASTICALLY-POWERFUL LEATHER OF THE GLOVE HAD DISLODGED A ROCK...

WHAT THE DEVIL? THE OLD GAUNTLET—IT'S STARTING AN AVALANCHE!



MEANWHILE, ALAIN'S FRIEND PAUL WAS BRINGING A WORRIED OFFICIAL UP FROM THE VALLEY...

YOU DID RIGHT TO FETCH ME, PAUL... ALAIN WAS ONE OF MY BEST MOUNTAIN-GUIDES BEFORE HE LOST HIS NERVE!

OH, NO! THE AVALANCHE IS GOING TO HIT THAT CABLE-CAR!



ALAIN SEIZED THE LIMP-FINGERED GAUNTLET...

THE DEVILISH THING...IT SEEMED TO HAVE AN EVIL LIFE OF ITS OWN! I'LL TAKE IT WITH ME...IN CASE IT DOES MORE MISCHIEF!



ROCKS RAINED DOWN ON THE DANGLING CABLE CAR...

HUH...?

FALLING ROCKS! AND ONE OF THEM HAS HIT THE CABLE-ARM!



IT SEEMED THAT THE GAUNTLET OF FATE HAD DELIBERATELY CAUSED THE DISASTER!

THE OVERHEAD SUPPORT HAS FRACTURED! THE CABLE-CAR'S GOING TO BREAK OFF AND FALL!

MUST SAVE THOSE PEOPLE! BUT HOW?



THEN...

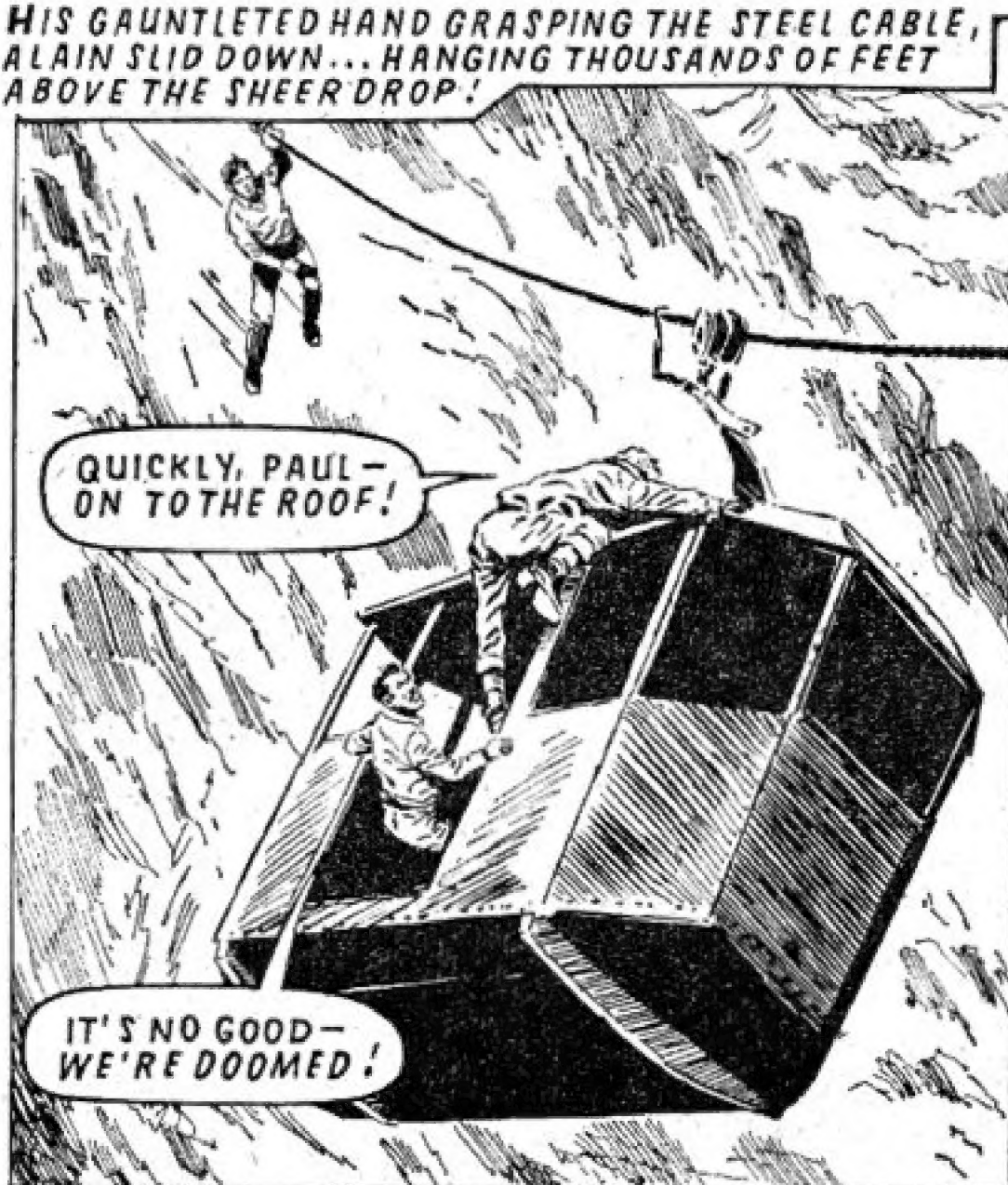
HIS GAUNTLED HAND GRASPING THE STEEL CABLE, ALAIN SLID DOWN... HANGING THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE THE SHEER DROP!

QUICKLY, PAUL—ON TO THE ROOF!

IT'S NO GOOD—WE'RE DOOMED!



HUH? THE GAUNTLET! IT'S GRIPPING THE CABLE! IT'S LIFTING ME OFF MY FEET!



IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, THE EX-MOUNTAINEER HAD FORGOTTEN HIS FEAR OF HEIGHTS...

HANG ONTO ME, BOTH OF YOU—IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!

SNAPP!

THE CAR'S GOING!



A monk in India grew his hair to the record length of 26 feet.

THE CABLE-CAR BROKE AWAY... TO FALL TEN THOUSAND FEET INTO THE ROCKY VALLEY BELOW!



SO BEGAN A FANTASTIC JOURNEY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN CABLE...



THE WEIRD GLOVE WITHSTOOD THE COLOSSAL STRAIN AND FRICTION...



THE THREE MEN SWEEP TO SAFETY IN THE CABLE-RAILWAY STATION AT THE FOOT OF THE VALLEY...



THE EXCITED CROWD Huddled AROUND ALAIN...



THE GAUNTLET OF FATE HAD NOW FALLEN INTO NEW HANDS... AND WAS ABOUT TO SHAPE ANOTHER HUMAN DESTINY...



...MORE NEXT WEEK!

BRACE YOURSELVES FOR A BOXING BREAKTHROUGH!

